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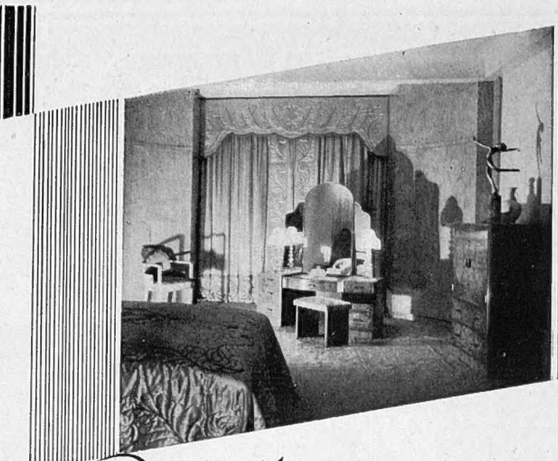

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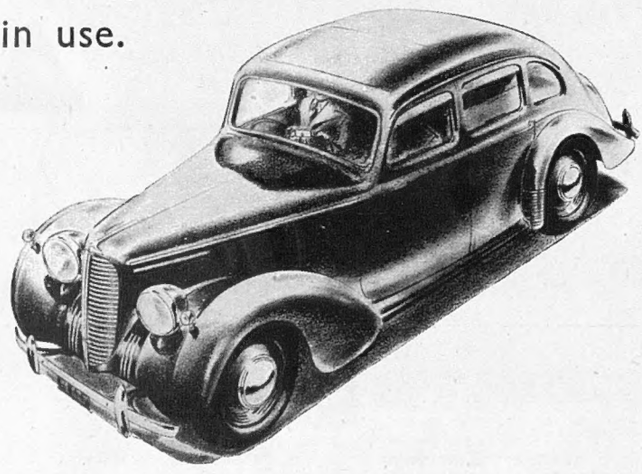

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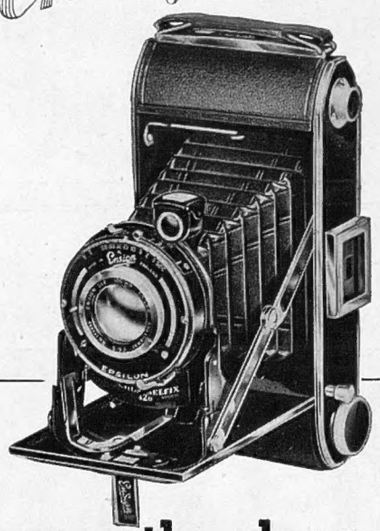

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Volume CLXXXV No. 2414 The SPHERE, London, April 27, 1946

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

WHAT THE HELICOPTER CAN DO—A ROTATING-WING AIRCRAFT COMES TO REST ON THE SUMMIT OF THE WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL AT FORT WORTH, TEXAS: A demonstration at the Fort Worth Aviation Exhibition to show this type of machine's power of vertical flight

The rotating-wing aircraft has entered upon a new phase in its development, and it is now coming to be regarded in America as a commercial proposition ideally suited for taxi work and haulage over short distances. Both the Bell Aircraft Corporation and the Sikorsky Company have already obtained commercial licences for their machines, and this year they are planning large-scale production. Visitors to the Aviation Exhibition held recently at Fort Worth were much impressed by the performance of a demonstration helicopter, which alighted on the summit of the Will Rogers Memorial and afterwards took off again, making an almost completely vertical ascent and descent and also hovering in mid-air above the heads of the crowd. America has not got the monopoly in the development of the rotating-wing aircraft, the Fairey Aviation Company of Britain having recently announced its experiments with the Gyrodene, a machine incorporating some of the better features of the helicopter and the autogyro. Further details of Gyrodene and helicopter development will be found on page 106 of this issue

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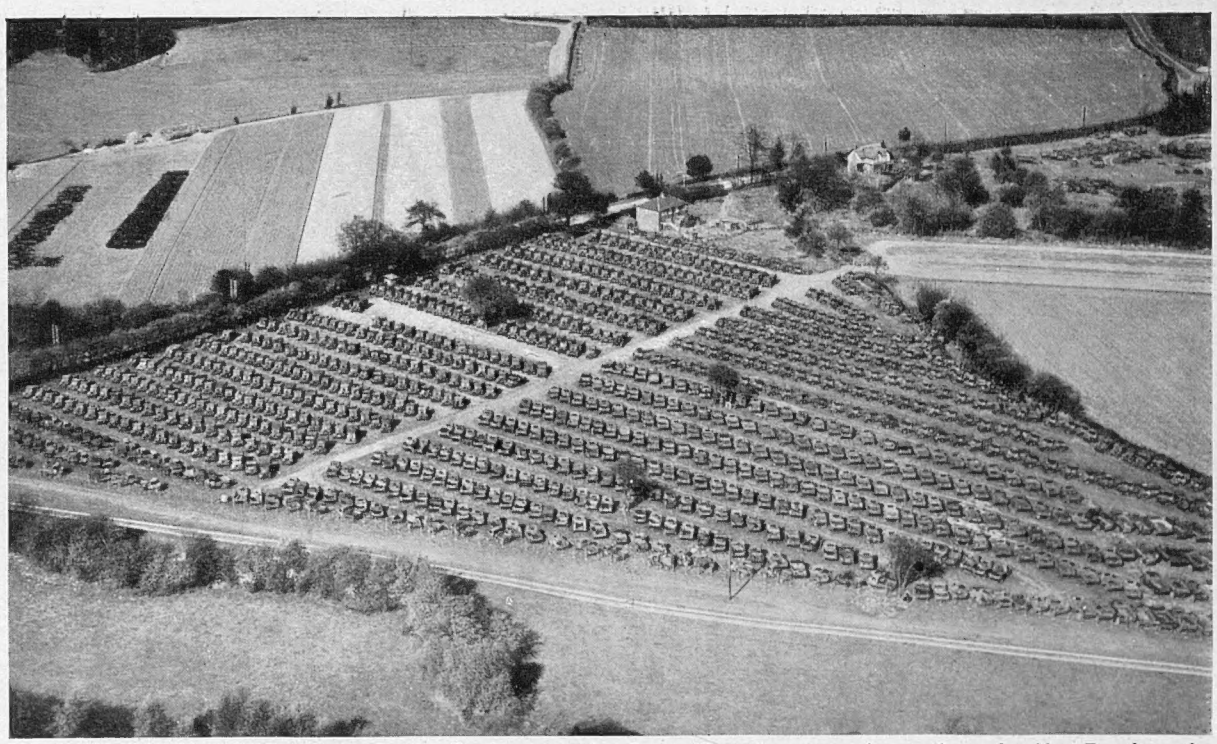
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Freedom Party. — Political prophets are more often fool's-capped than laurel-crowned, alive or dead. A man cannot read the memoirs and biographies covering the last 150 years without reaching the conclusion that the political cat is a most unexpected jumper and the politician rarely capable of seeing beyond the tip of his nose. To-day the bulk of the Socialist Government feel confident (and delight in promising) that Labour's rule will last at least ten years. And as a prophecy it looks good. Such opposition or alternative as exists is disintegrated and divided and lacking policy, while the likely causes of ultimate reaction (the realisation that bureaucratic tyranny and regimentation are intolerable, and that the price of Socialist security is too high and the means of receiving it too elaborate and tiresome) are still but little clouds on the horizon. The ultimate reaction must come in its own time. There is nothing which a parliamentary opposition need do, or can usefully do, to hasten it. Forms and inquisitions and controls speak for themselves loudly enough. But that opposition can at least (and should at once) make preparation for an alternative to a Socialist Government. How? By closing the ranks, and finding a new constructive policy and a new party label. There never was a better, nobler-sounding party label than Liberalism 130 years ago. And yet for twenty years of the crassest Tory administration in history, the Whigs and Liberals remained in the Wilderness, quarrelling and divided. And since 1812, with two or three brief interludes in which they showed what Liberal unity could accomplish, they have never ceased to quarrel among themselves, and to disintegrate. The labels Tory and Conservative are very, very dead, too. This party needs new blood, new inspiration, new leadership, a constructive policy.

Only a Dream?—The student of politics will find nothing very hopeful in a united front by the ragged regiments of Whig and Tory, Liberal and Conservative. And yet, hidden in the records and achievements of these tattered colours are written the bulk of the political and economic achievements of our nation from the dawn of our history to 1945 inevitably. The Conservative of to-day may not see much attraction in a close alliance with a party which is liberal only in dissension. The Liberal of to-day has no great inducement to nail his colours to the mast of yesterday's Conservatism. Yet, for all their failures and lost opportunities, the records of these two old parties are an unanswerable argument for combination; together, united, they offer the only hope of a workable alternative to State Socialism, the only possible barrier to total slavery and the loss of all personal initiative and freedom. The *ideals* of Socialism are to-day (and have long been) the accepted planks in every party's programme. It is not the ideals, but the *detail* in translating them into practice on which the parties can differ. The only opposition which to-day can offer an acceptable alternative to Socialism must embrace the broad ideals, while convincing the voter that those ideals can be enjoyed with only a tithe of the enslavement to forms and inquisitions and controls, and only a fraction of the loss of personal liberty and initiative, which Socialism demands. How urgent that a start should be made! In ten years, the transformation may be complete and irremediable, and the reaction against Socialism, when it comes, may come too late. New blood, new leadership, new policy, new inspiration, new faith, new confidence, new ideals, new unity, new courage, all these to be grafted on a stem lost in a network of fissure and branches.



FOR A CAR-HUNGRY WORLD: Army lorries lined up at the Great Missenden dump in readiness for May 7, when the sale of Government surplus vehicles is due to begin. Many hundreds of visitors are expected to crowd into Great Missenden, and bidding is sure to be brisk, particularly for the large number of cars that can be converted to private use. Some of the best cars and lorries are being sold privately to motor-makers and distributors, and are being towed away for reconditioning. Later they will be offered to the public at controlled prices

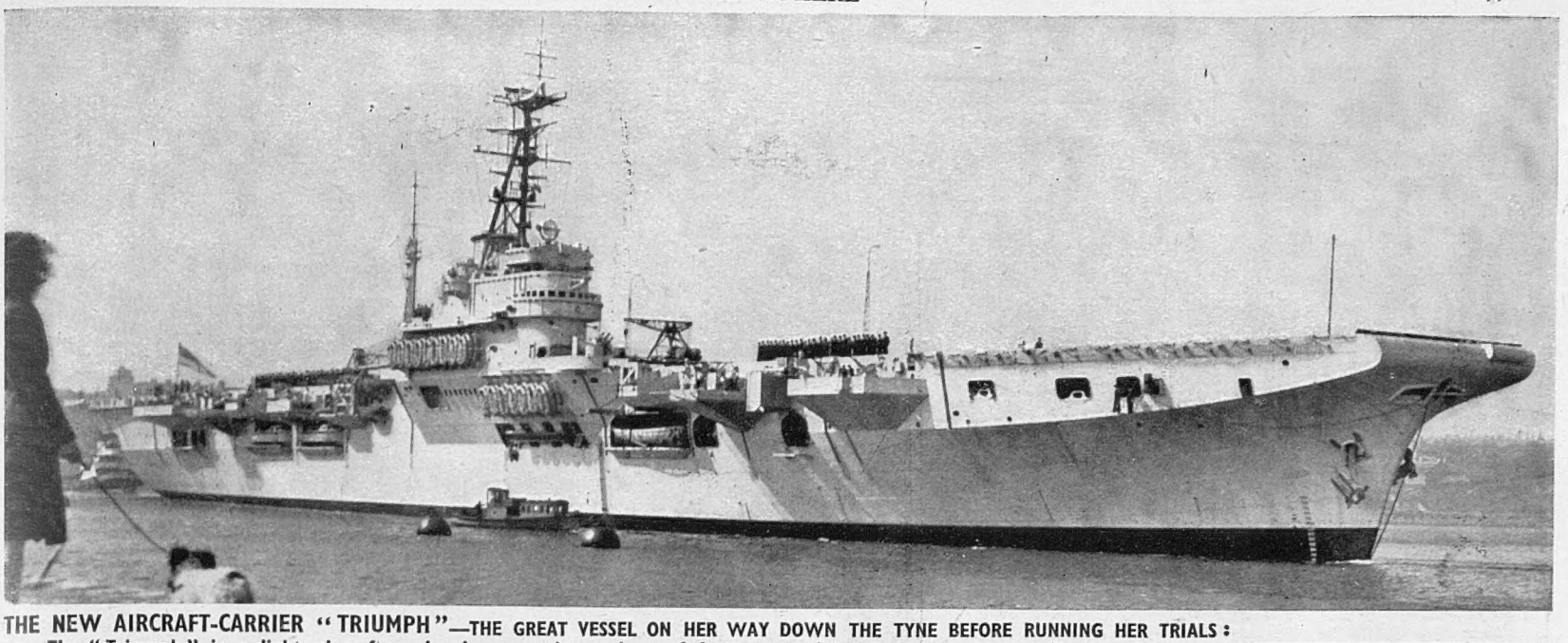
Defence Indecision. — It must be admitted that all too many imponderables and uncertainties handicap a decision on the policy of post-war defence. Atomic uncertainties and the unforeseeable extent of our commitments in Europe and in the East, are enough in themselves to postpone a clear-cut policy declaration. It rests with a Socialist Government, and the history of that party's rise to power must convince anybody that there could be little expectation of a Socialist Cabinet coming out in full agreement on a policy of permanent conscription or national service in the armed forces for all. It might be thought that the lessons of two wars cry loud enough to Heaven and into the deafest ears. But Socialism is Socialism and, for that matter, Englishmen are Englishmen. And perhaps our only hope of survival as a nation is to start every race handicapped by lack of preparation and training. Nevertheless, the Premier's latest contribution of light on this fog-patch of uncertainty seems but to throw light on the fogginess and uncertainty of his Government. Compromise and stop-gap are all that he can offer at present. He will try what he can do, with judicious bribery, to bridge the gap, and tide over the present impasse, by means of the voluntary system, while withholding a single word of encouragement from the finest source of voluntary fighting men on which this nation can draw—the Territorial Army. It is a dangerous moment to choose for marking time, desirable as it may appear to await the casualty statistics of guinea-pigs disintegrated by the great atomic bomb tests. It is not certain that those statistics, when they are available, will make easier for the Government a shrewd decision.

Germany's Future Economy. —It is true that in the press of other urgent matters we had lost sight of one notable diplomatic success—the agreement of the Powers concerned upon broad principles governing the limitation of Germany's economic life for a decade at least. These principles are based on certain assumptions which may or may not prove correct: that the population of the new Germany remains at about 60,000,000; that she succeeds in exporting enough goods to pay for the food which, with the loss of much of her food-producing territory, she will be compelled to import to keep to a 1933 basis of "calories"; and that nothing unforeseeable occurs in her economy, or in the agreement of the Powers, or in the world situation generally. On these assumptions Germany will be allowed to develop her coal production *ad lib.*; her steel and chemical industries will be cut down to what is essential to enable her to rebuild and to produce food and to balance imports by exports. Aeroplanes and ships and all weapons of war are taboo in her manufactures. Her people will be fed up to a level just above that which "produces Hitlers" from sheer desperation, and in every sense of the word she will be, politically and economically, harnessed down to the level of a third-class Power. Anything left over from her industries after satisfying the bare subsistence level will go towards reparations. It is a doleful picture enough of the fate of aggressors. The B.B.C., by a stroke of genius, saw to it that, if we had tears, we should not shed them over Germany's sombre future. For they arranged a little drama called "The Man from Belsen" to follow a topical talk on these Allied arrangements. The chief actor was a survivor from two notorious concentration camps. His calm, dispassionate memories of the horrors he lived through were more frightful than superlatives. All who heard him must have felt that nothing could justify getting on their feet a race of men capable of producing beasts so bestial and of employing tortures so obscene.

A Lesson in Moderation. —A schoolmaster from the Channel Islands—"the man from Belsen"—is left to offer once more to all who have causes to plead, or cases to present, or charges to prosecute, a lesson which Pope, among the satirists, so well understood. It is a lesson never more important than to-day when a decade of propaganda, crude in its hate or prejudice or bald objective, has so reacted on our minds that our first thought is to suspect what we are publicly told as exaggeration if not lying; and our first feeling one of sympathy with the victim or the accused and of detestation of the cause or objective pursued by the blaring trumpets. It is a lesson as important for politicians as for sellers of pills, for prosecuting counsel and party leaders. Pope's technique was based on the theory that justice pays a dividend, even when prejudice and hate are most justified. If you design to obliterate an adversary with contempt, ridicule or loathing, first put fairly forward every good point in his favour, every virtue he may possess. Then, and only then, can you measure the depth of his fall, the extent of his depravity. Then only do you gain a jury prepared to give credence to the worst you can say about him. Mr. Attlee's Government would do well to study Pope's technique. The practice of many of his Ministers of swinging the party axe in every transaction in the national forest is becoming singularly irritating. Even Dr. Dalton cannot resist it, the temptation to gloat over unlimited power being always irresistible to dictators. But the British public love fair play, and I believe even the Socialist cause would empanel a better jury, if the vices of the so-called capitalist were not always overstressed and his virtues, such as they are, so invariably passed over. He carries to-day every man's burdens and sins, and a policy of continually stamping on his body may one day produce anything but the desired effect. It may even win him sympathy and respect.

A Modern Warship.—I have often studied photographs and charts of our latest aircraft-carriers in THE SPHERE. But I can never *interpret* a map, a photograph, a chart. I cannot make them live. So it was with interest and profit that I availed myself last week-end of a chance of a personally-conducted tour over one of our latest marvels. The great pop-sided hulk looked gaunt and simple enough from the docks. But once aboard, one was conscious that a scientist's phantasmagoria of Aladdin's Palace was enclosed within those thin and vulnerable grey walls, hatched with electric cables and furnished with every device for seeing, hearing, plotting and communicating which our knowledge of electrical power can design. The carrier was bare of planes. Six hundred feet of empty space on two decks suggested an infinity of room for storage. In fact, the great ship must use every cranny for storage, for the hangar and the flight-deck are mortgaged to capacity. The marvels lie for the most part in the control structure on the port side. I doubt if the pen of a Kipling could give a hint of the nature and uses of those scores of magical instruments. What nature of supermen control these instruments? What years of training enable them to use those magic ears, eyes, *senses* and to harness them in combination with the senses which nature gave them? Could Nelson, given a couple of years of intensive training, take charge of such a ship and use its instruments to the full? True, the young commander who did the honours for me seemed to be precisely of the charming pattern turned out by Dartmouth for decades. True, too, that, hidden among these hives of science, one came across a peaceful little chapel, a very modern and up-to-date "club-room" with cocktail-bar, comfortable messes, cinemas, and so forth. But the abiding impression left on me was that this ship houses magic beyond our ken, and is controlled by supermen from another world than ours.

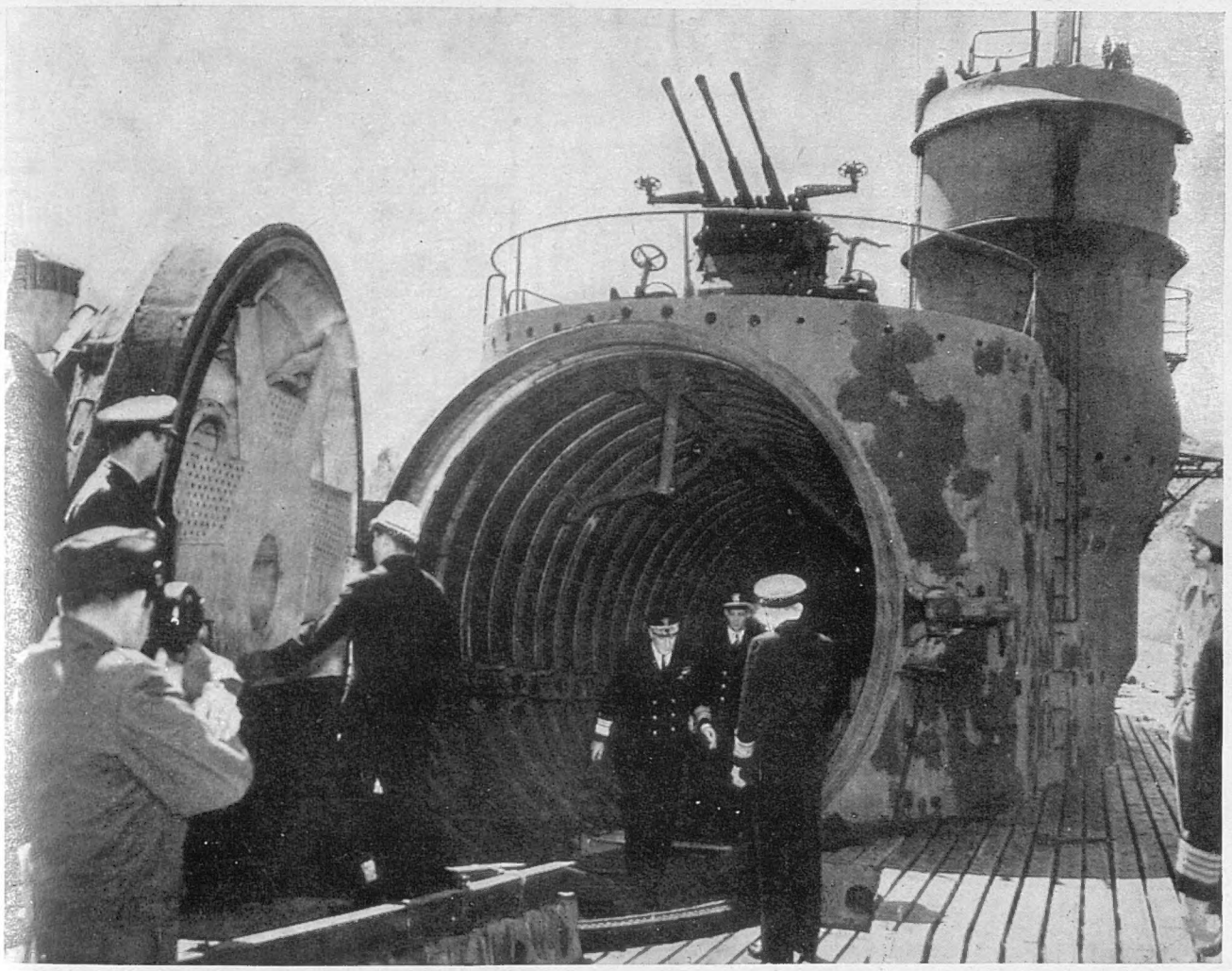
THE OLD STAGER



THE NEW AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "TRIUMPH"—THE GREAT VESSEL ON HER WAY DOWN THE TYNE BEFORE RUNNING HER TRIALS: The "Triumph" is a light aircraft-carrier incorporating a host of features resulting from experience gained in theatres of war. Like all fighting ships of to-day, she is radar-equipped, and the rectangular radar aerials may be seen in position at her mast-head

SHIPS IN THE NEWS

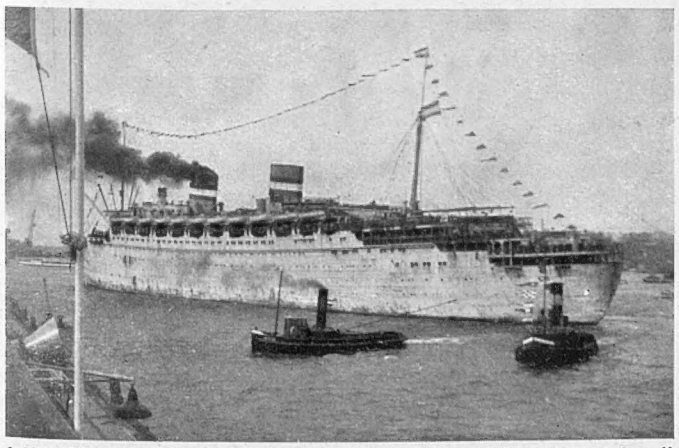
The Trials of the "Triumph": A Giant Japanese Submarine: Feat of the "Ile de France"



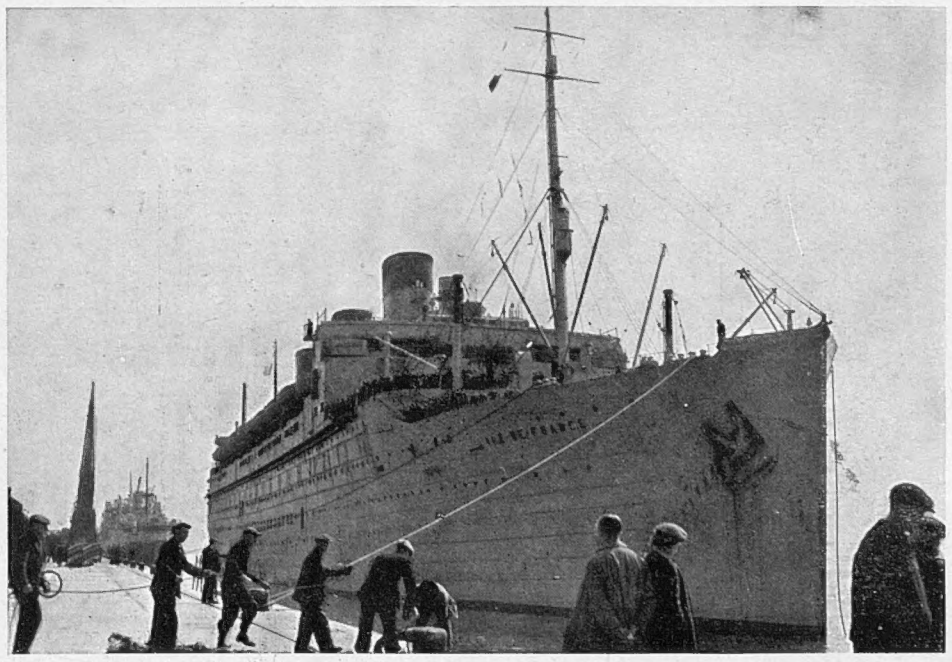
OUTSIZE IN SUBMARINES: Vice-Admiral Griffin, of the U.S. Navy, emerging from the hangar on the Japanese submarine 1-402. The watertight hangar housed four planes. *(See note on right)*

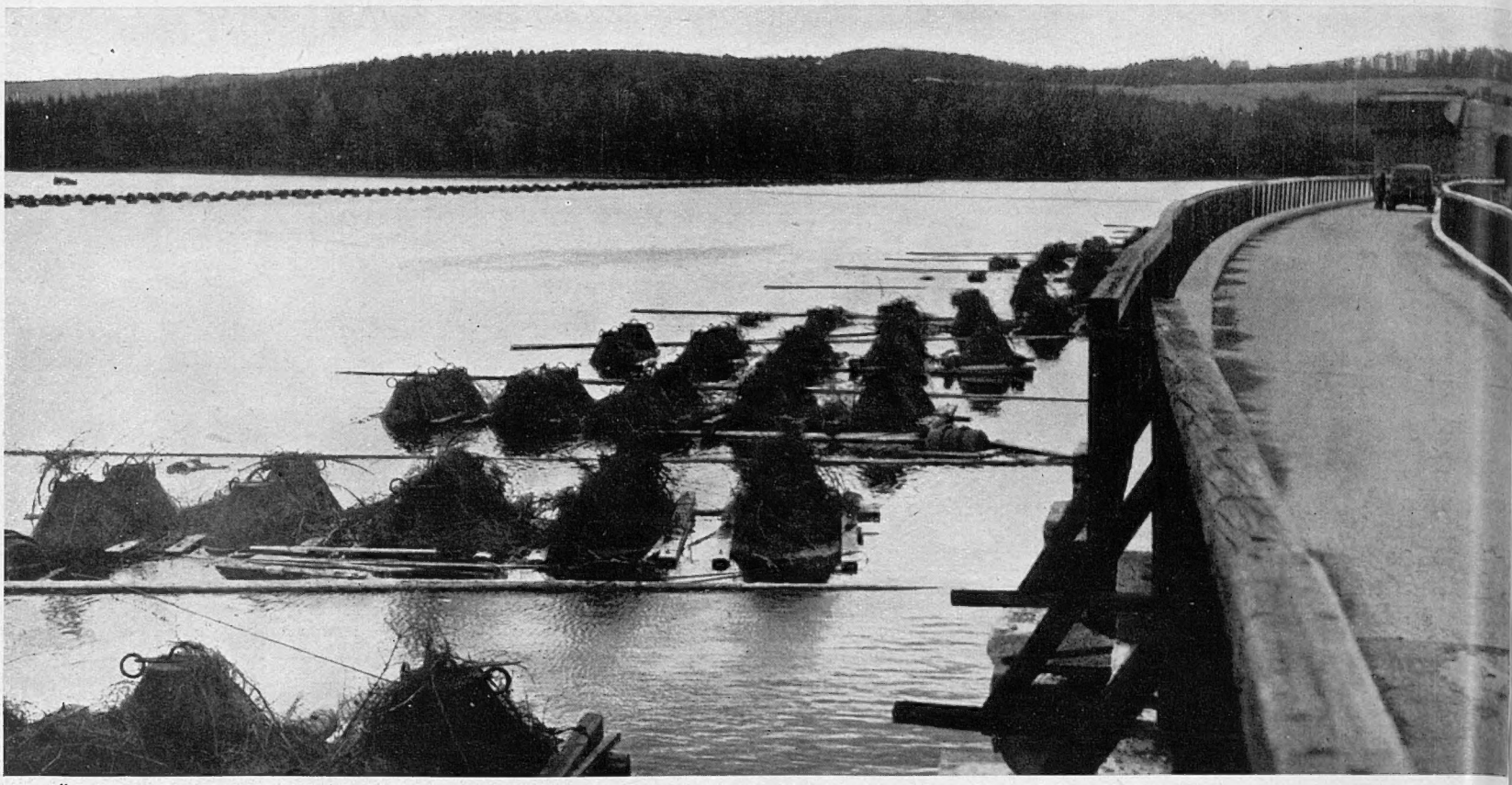
***On left*—One of the most remarkable units of the Japanese Navy was the giant submarine 1-402, which was taken over for examination by American naval forces after the surrender of Japan and has now been sunk sixty miles off the coast of Japan, together with twenty-four other submarines. The 1-402 carried on its deck a large watertight hangar, containing accommodation for four fighting or reconnaissance planes, and these planes could be catapulted from the deck. Part of the launching apparatus can just be seen in the foreground of the picture**

***Below*—ALONE SHE DID IT: The liner "Ile de France" tying-up at Southampton after coming into port without the aid of tugs.** On her arrival in the Solent the tug crews' dispute was still in progress, so it was decided to bring the 43,000-ton vessel into port under her own steam. The delicate operation was carried through with only one hitch—the breaking of a tow-rope when she was about 40 yards off her berth. The initial link between ship and shore was made by motor-boats, which went out with the ropes



A WARRIOR RETURNS: The 30,000-ton Dutch liner "New Amsterdam" arriving at her home port of Rotterdam after an absence of over six years. During her journeys in the Allied cause, the *New Amsterdam* has carried about 400,000 troops to and from the battlefields of the world. She arrived home with 3,800 internees from Java camps. The last time she was in Rotterdam was on September 22, 1939



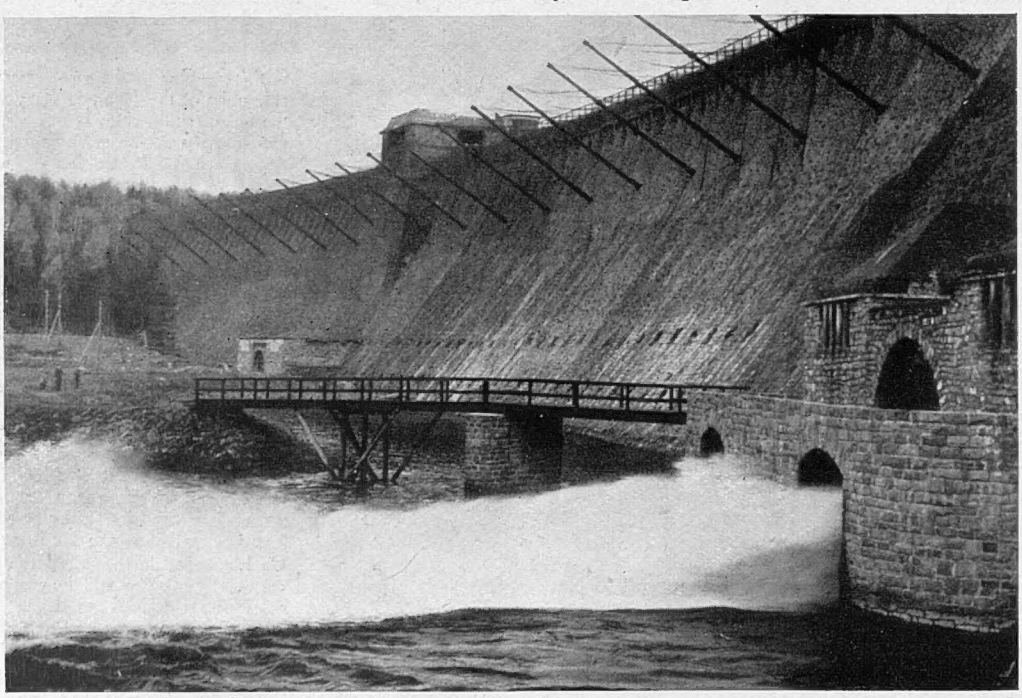


THE MÖHNE DAM AS IT IS TO-DAY : Looking across the Möhne See from the road which traverses the celebrated dam in Westphalia, where the late Wing-Commander Guy Gibson, V.C., and his fellow-pilots carried out their daring exploit in 1943. Since Gibson and his men burst the dam walls, thereby inundating the whole of the Ruhr Valley and bringing industry to a standstill, the dam has been repaired by German labour, and before the end of the war it was in operation once again. The floats beside the dam wall were designed to deflect bombs

THE REBUILT MÖHNE DAM

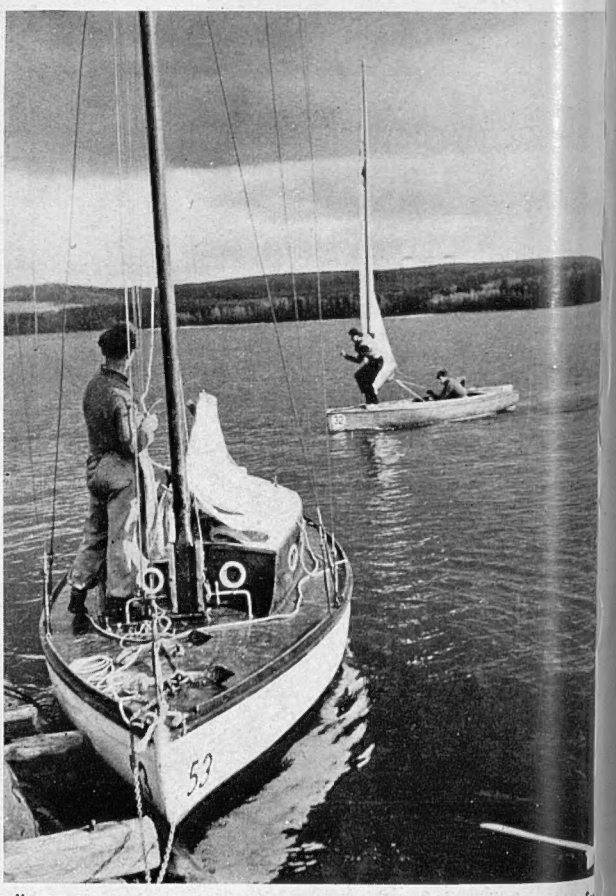
And Other News from Occupied Germany

The Möhne Dam, where the late Wing-Commander Guy Gibson and his men achieved their dramatic bombing exploit in 1943, unleashing at one blow the waters of the Möhne See, is now a favourite resort of members of the British Army of Occupation, and during the summer months troops will be flocking there for brief spells of leave from the great garrison towns of the Westphalian Plain. The yacht club is particularly popular among troops, and grouped round the shores of the Möhne See are various hostels for officers and men. The bombing of Möhne, which won for Guy Gibson the award of the V.C., entirely crippled the industrial activity of the Ruhr, and there was tremendous loss of life. After the disaster the Germans rebuilt the dam, and the new stonework can be seen plainly enough to-day; but they did not succeed in raising the lake to its old level, and even to-day it is still possible to see the swathe of devastation caused by the floodwaters.

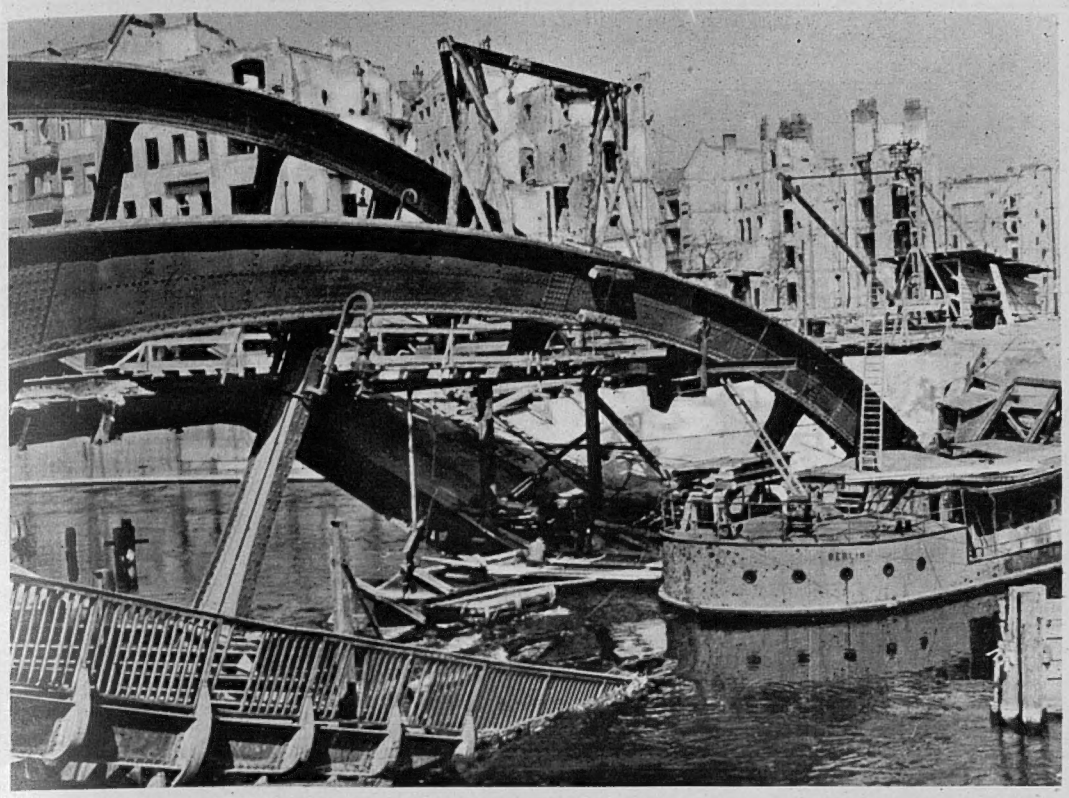


THE REBUILDING OF MÖHNE : The Ruhr dam as it appears now; a view showing the vast centre section which was destroyed and has now been replaced with new stonework. When the dam was smashed the pent-up waters of the Möhne See rushed headlong down the Ruhr Valley, inundating towns and villages

CYCLING ALONG THE DAM ROAD : Another picture taken at the repaired Möhne Dam. The nets on the left were put up by the Germans in order to break the fall of bombs and thus prevent them from bursting at the most vulnerable point in the dam walls. In addition they were designed to prevent sabotage from the roadway. The road across the dam leads from Soest, Westphalia, to the once-important town of Arnsberg



MÖHNE IS NOW A PLEASURE HAUNT : Yachts on the Möhne See belonging to the British Yacht Club. It is a favourite resort of officers and men of the British Army of Occupation. While staying at Möhne our men are allowed to wear civilian clothes on the lake



RECONSTRUCTION IN BERLIN: Making a start on essential works. The Castle Bridge over the River Spree was destroyed by the Germans during a last desperate effort to hold back the Russian advance. Many other bridges in the city met the same fate, and now it has been decided that they must be repaired

A DIVER MAKES HIS RECONNAISSANCE: Coming to the surface after investigating the foundations of the Castle Bridge, Berlin. A preliminary to the work of reconstructing this vital transport link in the German capital. In every part of Germany the Wehrmacht destroyed bridges in their retreat, and, as a result, the people are suffering considerably, as transport between many areas is of necessity limited. British engineers have already done some reconstruction

THE FIRST CASE OF ITS KIND IN BERLIN: Two Communists face charges in a U.S. Military Court. Herr Gerhart Jurr and Herr Wilhelm Kammer, who have been accused of intimidating and interfering with persons acting under U.S. authority. This is the first time that Communist activities in Berlin have been seriously challenged. The Russians in their sector have strongly encouraged the Communists, and have used most persuasive measures to bring about party fusion

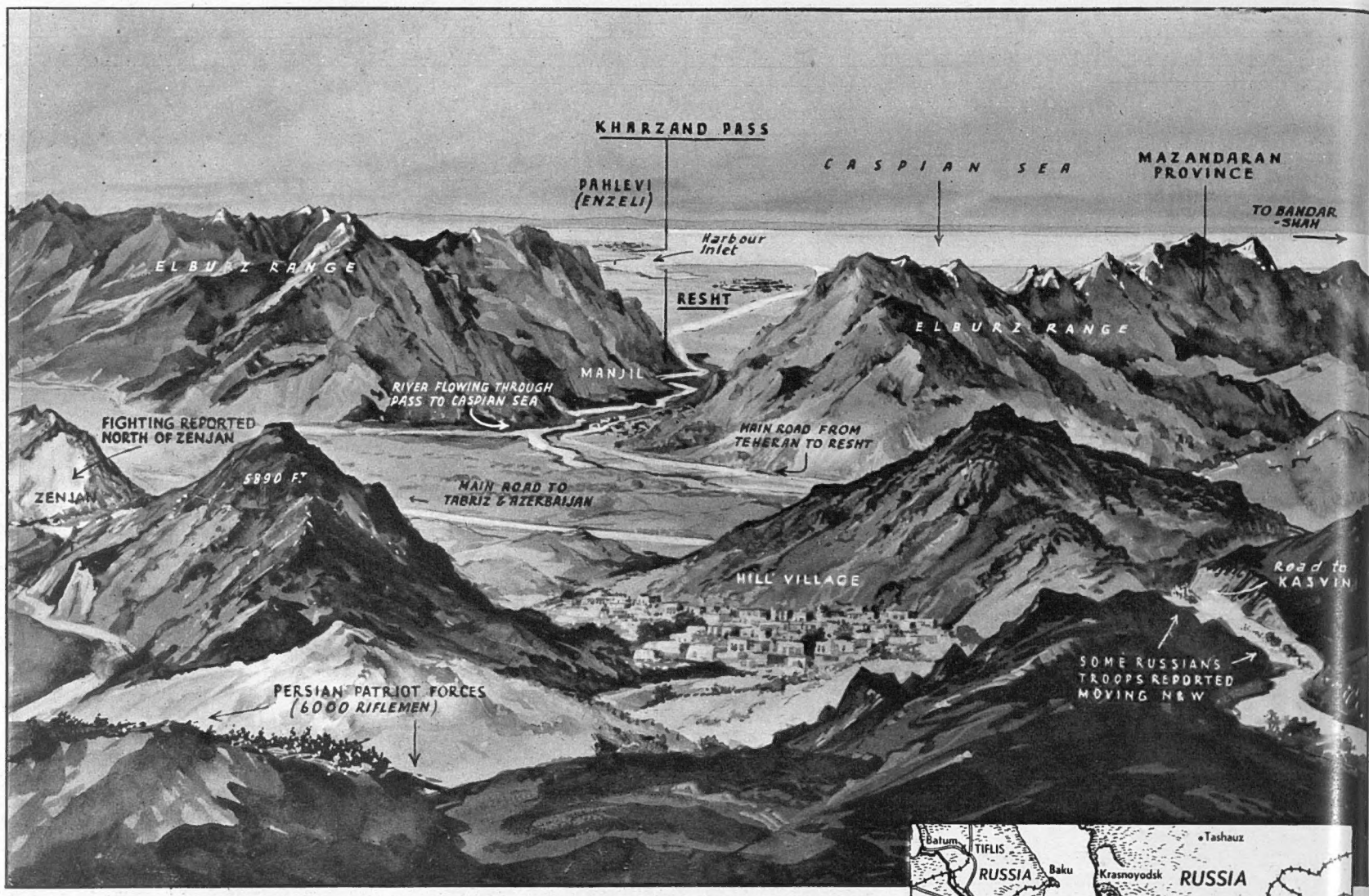
HAMBURG GERMANS QUEUE FOR RED WINE: An astonishing sight in the northern quarter of the devastated city. Armed with buckets, saucepans and every kind of utensil, citizens wait patiently outside a wineshop which has obtained some unexpected supplies. When the Allied Armies entered Germany all stocks of wine were confiscated, although the troops at first made free with the considerable quantities which they found at Hamburg. For months past it has been a very unusual sight to see wine openly offered for sale

JEWISH YOUTH GETS ITS CHANCE: Orphans of the Nazi storm are given an opportunity to start life afresh. Some of the 450 Jewish children seen on arrival at Frankfurt when en route from Bavaria to Palestine. They are being sent to Palestine under the auspices of the American Joint Distribution Committee and the Jewish Agency for Palestine. Most of the boys and girls are orphans whose parents perished in concentration camps

WAITING TO GIVE EVIDENCE AT CAMP ROOSEVELT, MINDEN: Men from the S.S., S.A. and Gestapo are included in this group which gathered at the camp to meet a panel of German lawyers collecting evidence on behalf of the major war criminals now under trial at Nuremberg. Each of these prisoners has made written application to give evidence, and it will now be sifted in order to decide whether it is relevant to the trials. Some of these potential witnesses are themselves serving long sentences for various war crimes

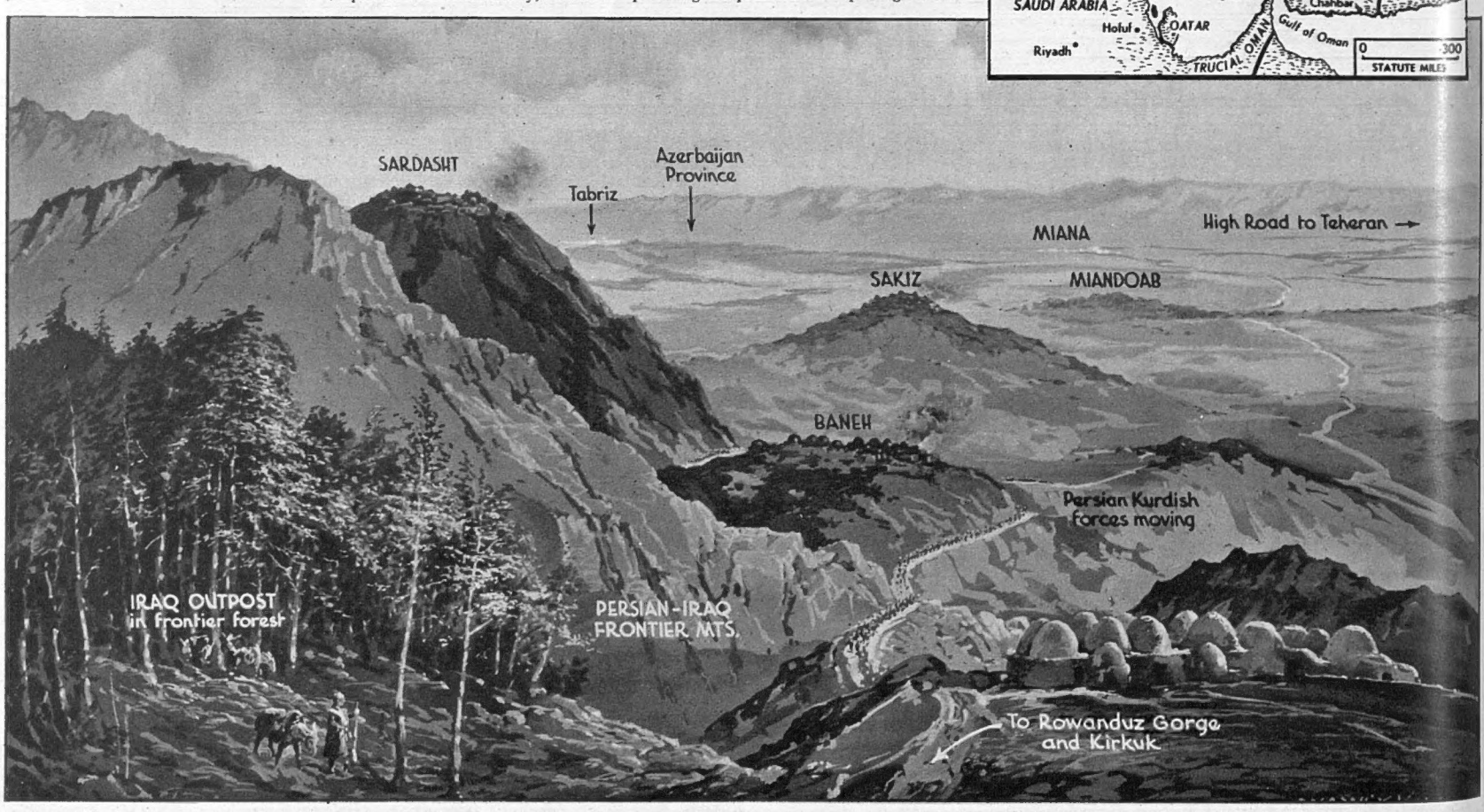
PERSIA

THE RUSSIANS WITHDRAW AND THE KURDS RISE

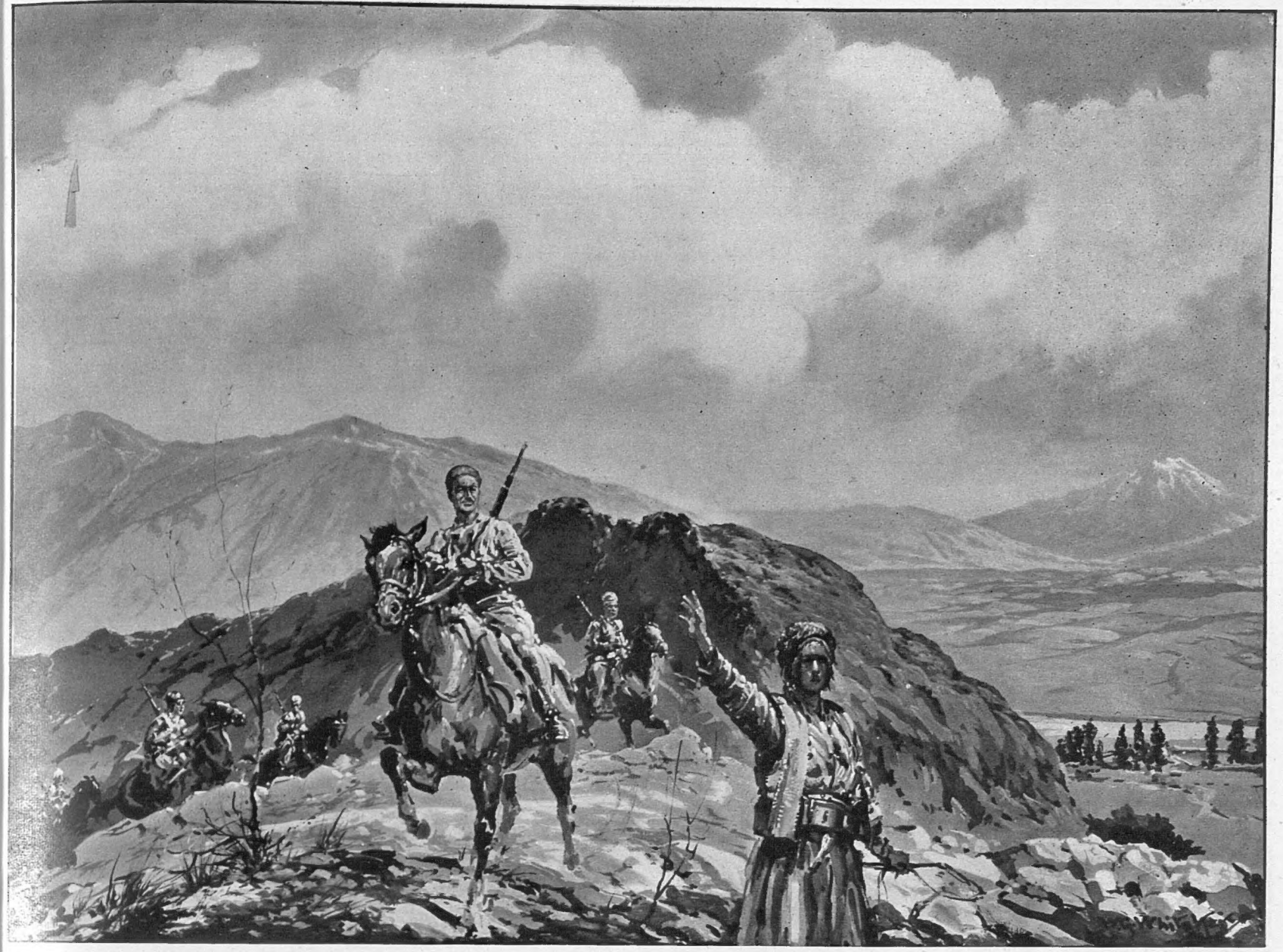


THE ROAD TO THE CASPIAN THROUGH THE KHARZAND PASS : A diagrammatic sketch of the hill country through which the Red Army units have been passing en route to the embarkation ports of Resht and Pahlevi. At the time of writing this northward evacuation has been proceeding steadily under the terms of the recent Russo-Persian agreement—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert.* ***On right*—A sketch map of modern Persia showing (in dark shading) the northern area round the Caspian which is to be prospected for oil and developed by Russian engineers**

Several conflicting elements have lain at the root of the Persian problem, the rising of the Kurdish chieftains, the demands of Moscow upon Teheran, and the hostility of the "Rightists" in the Caspian area all contributing to a situation of peculiar complexity. The recent decision of the Red Army to withdraw from Persia at once changed the situation for the better, and the withdrawal from Teheran to the Caspian started immediately, Persian troops taking the place of the departing Russians

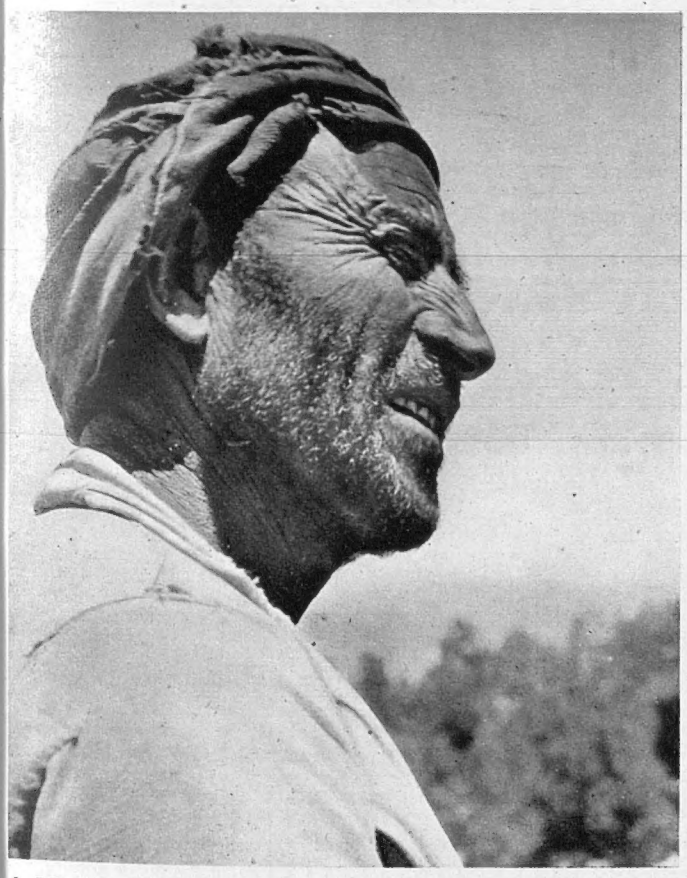


THE PERSO-IRAQI FRONTIER—WHERE THE KURDISH TRIBESMEN HAVE RISEN IN FORCE : A diagrammatic impression of the frontier region which was recently the scene of violent fighting when 3,000 Kurds attacked the Persian Army garrisons at Sardasht, Baneh and Sakiz. The Kurds come from Persia and Iraq, and strangers, speaking a dialect similar to that spoken in Northern Azerbaijan, were reported to be accompanying the tribesmen—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*



THE KURDS TAKE THE OFFENSIVE—A CHIEFTAIN AND HIS MEN RIDING THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES OF THE IRAQ FRONTIER REGION OF PERSIA : An artist's impression of the gathering of the tribesmen for the recent attack on the Persian garrisons—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Stirring under the stimulus of a general Kurdish Nationalist movement that has long existed in Persia and Iraq, the tribesmen of the frontier region, taking advantage of the Persian Government's entanglements with Russia, recently rose in force and attacked the three towns of Sardasht, Sakiz and Baneh. Sardasht was actually captured and held for a short time until Persian Army reinforcements came to the rescue. The Kurdish tribesmen have always exercised a local authority, very slightly controlled by either Government. Baghdad officialdom has meant very little to the townlets and villages perched high on inaccessible plateaux; while to others Teheran has signified equally little. The Kurdish levies are usually well mounted, with saddles and bridles varying in style and finish from the ornate to the very rough and simple. The Kurds have been largely influenced of late by the uprisings and propaganda emanating from Northern Persia. No actual Russian troops are reported within the Persian Kurdish region, but outside technical advice is said to have been reaching the mountaineers. This is as it may be; but there is no doubt that the Kurds are disposed to take any political advantage they can from the disturbed conditions prevailing in Persia



A PROUD PEOPLE—THE KURDISH TRIBESMEN AND THEIR NATIONALIST ASPIRATIONS : Typical members of the Kurdish race which inhabit the mountainous country on the borders of Persia and Iraq. The man on the right is a hunter. His flint-lock, which is supported on a bipod, has a lethal range of only 30 yards. The Kurds are a proud people, difficult to handle. They have their own language, customs, and characteristics, and their national feeling is deep-rooted

BERLIN—AN ANNIVERSARY REPORT

What Life Is Like in the City One Year After Germany Went Down to Defeat

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THESE are anniversary days in Berlin. One year ago began the last great battle for the German capital, which was not to fall until a fortnight later. In those two weeks Berlin is computed to have suffered nearly one-half of its total wreck and damage. Beholding the scene now—cleared, piled up and patched, but little else—I was curious to know what feelings were nourished about Hitler's last throw, the effect of which will sear itself into Berliners for years to come.

"*Bloedsinnig*" (ridiculous) was the word they gave to Hitler's last stand, though one or two young Berliners were content with: "It was a foolishness." One young driver was a real study. Driving up and down the ghostly, ghastly streets of the city-centre, he was all keenness to point out where the great Nazi parades had passed, where the leaders had stood, where the flags and banners had waved. He had spent the war at Narvik, had been passed through our camp at Lubeck, and this was how the ruins of Berlin, which he was seeing for the first time, spoke to him.

I couldn't help wondering what I should have thought, beholding London in like case. I believe it would have been something like "Poor old Haymarket!" "Poor old Scotts!" I should add that he was among the most passable types of Nazi I 've come across: modest, friendly, educated. He spoke from an inner prompting, without intention one way or the other.

One has to guard against ascribing to Germans thoughts and reflections which they do not harbour; we, the comparatively well-fed ones. So many German thoughts currently concern physical matters almost in exclusivity, with the younger women showing a boldness divorced from the common food obsession. There are signs, all the same, of a sprouting recognition of the workings of crime and punishment. It takes the form of a more pronounced dejection than when I was last here, in November.

If winter has gone and spring is here, so are the ruins, and it is now dawning on Berliners that they 're going to be here for many winters and many springs. "There are no signs of any building materials at all. When can we even start?" To that, I pointed out that it was going to take eight years to clear Hamburg's rubble out of the way. "*Acht Jahren?*" Yes; and then there was silence.

Silence is Berlin's second name to those who remember what it used to be. The most over-crowded, febrile, over-industrious city in Europe. There was never any time to spare in Berlin; it was always in quick march, hectic and hastening. Now there is all the time in the world. If you want to see the most desolate death-scene, go to the Berlin Zoo, where a few most miserable of confined animals linger amid wholesale wreckage. Berliners step in, as from Oxford Street, to gaze at them. They pay a mark, having nothing else to do.

But money is losing its significance. A week's rations cost only 5 marks (or half a cigarette), and the weekly rent of a room, in which may live four people, 6 marks. Where are all the marks not in the banks? Stowed in attaché-cases, or circulating in the Black Market. There is little that Berliners can legitimately do with marks. They can sit in ill-lit ghosts of cafés bearing famous names that mock, sipping 20 per cent. beer, or a coloured liquid. A few can continue until 10 p.m. in night-places enlivened by imports by the Forces. There is a sprinkling of films, but Berliners are lost with half of them. *Blithe Spirit* says nothing. What registers is a full-blooded affair like *The Man in Grey*, and the news-reel.

What else can Berliners legitimately spend marks on? Their three staples are—the food-store, the restaurant (usually vegetarian) and the chemist. Queues at all three, and tiny portions. Along the Kurfürstendamm shops are opening, but Fräulein is about the only Berliner who thinks them worth patronising, she of the loose cigarettes in her handbag. The scanty wares stretched out to fill former luxury-windows are for her, or for the troops, to take or send home. Save for the rare feminine articles—a blouse, a hat, a frock, phoney beauty-aids—the goods look as if they had been fashioned in the back premises. Pathetic little toys, trifling objects, and amateur paintings. There is one exception—the bookshop. Berliners crowd into the few that survive and, as far as I could see, remain there, reading.

You feel that most Berliners get their relaxation in the home. Listening to music on the radio, which they overwhelmingly prefer to news or political commentaries, and eating and drinking what they 've managed to obtain through the Black Market. Everybody can reckon on 300 extra calories a day "under the counter," if they have the marks or barter.

At this time of year the sport-crazy, sun-worshipping Berliners would have been preparing to flock to the surrounding lakes and pine forests, but I doubt if many, other than the girls, will find their way out this summer. The bitter household drive will retain the women, and when the men have done work, there is little activity left in them. Some of the young men, bloodless from amputations, poisoning or exhaustion, have to halt every 50 yards or so.

BERLIN—ONE YEAR AFTER DEFEAT: In the shadow of the Grosser Stern, symbol of German victory over the French in 1870, men and women chop up and cart away tree-stumps uprooted by British bulldozers, thus providing themselves with vitally-needed fuel for cooking purposes. The Tiergarten is being cleared by the Royal Engineers and will then be ploughed prior to potato-planting. While the bulldozers are at work, many of the people run beside the machines in order to get first pickings. The police often have to restrain them. It is widely believed in Berlin that, when the city does come to be rebuilt, the first new buildings will be in the region of the Tiergarten

I found, however, that conditions are brighter in some of the little-damaged and attractive suburbs, notably Frohnau and Zeylandorf, where are the French and Americans respectively. It is the *Stadtmitte*—the historic centre—that is going to haunt Berliners for years and years ahead, and now they know it. Previously the shock of war's ending had not sufficiently evaporated. Now they begin to realise that they are at the bottom of the ladder, can hope only for the leavings of others. The dark prospect ahead is percolating, and it sows discouragement verging on dismay as the long years are contemplated before any of Berlin's former grandeur (ugly as it was) can be restored.

There exists an idea that the first major rebuilding of the city may occur in the vast, central expanse of the Tiergarten, now almost razed of trees, that went to feed last winter's fuel. The new, flat wilderness is certainly the biggest physical change since the autumn. Provided the soil be satisfactory, here is the area to build upon, since it will take years to pull down the former official and business quarter less than a mile away.

I hesitate to write of other changes this anniversary time, since you have probably had your fill in the daily newspapers.

The spread of Soviet political influence throughout Berlin is unmistakable, though there are still some doubts as to whether it will prove lasting. But for the present you may gauge its extent from the fact that the Russians have erected a gigantic statue of a Soviet soldier laying his hand over Berlin, *in our sector, in the Charlottenburgerchaussee*. I should say one could sit on the mammoth hand. It is hard being mild, modest, tolerant and gentlemanly, cheek by jowl with a Russian occupation. One loses out so. Every Red Army man believes Berlin to have been a total Russian conquest; hence the right to erect statues anywhere. Tell Ivan that the Americans pulled up in their tracks at the Elbe by arrangement, and he will riotously explode. Incidentally, *was* that surrender to Stalin really necessary? Anyway, the West is paying dearly for it, for everything the Russians have done in Berlin was well and truly founded between April and July of last year.

Berliners themselves say that Nazi methods have been used. They instance kidnappings and clappings into concentration camps. How can Germans feel they are protected in the (Berlin) sectors of the Western Allies? They were surprised that Dr. Kurt Schumacher wasn't carried off by the Russians when we brought this Socialist leader to Berlin. Well, he had to be very closely guarded.

Germans will tell you that the real ruler of the city is Zhukov's successor, General Sokolovsky, whose word is law when he summons recalcitrant Berliners to his local headquarters at Karlshorst. Briefly, here is the one-sided picture after one year.

The Municipal Council hasn't altered in essence since the Russians appointed it before the other Allies were allowed into Berlin. The police are Communist through and through. The Russians still solely operate Berlin Radio, which is in our sector, and they have eight of the dozen Berlin newspapers. Berlin's trade unionism forms one with that of the Russian zone, and all four political parties have their seats in the Soviet sector of Berlin. Now the Russian-run Berlin Communists are about to go a big step further by forcibly "fusioning" themselves with the Socialists.

Each of the foregoing extends to the British, French and American sectors of the city, and a notable fact is that the whole has been brought about while the Soviet troops in occupation have been pared down and down. One morning I walked in the Russian sector from 11 o'clock to noon and counted precisely fourteen Red Army men, including three officers, and I was told this was nothing uncommon. For that matter, it is growing to be a less and less visible occupation, exception made of our West End and Kurfürstendamm quarters, which are the popular off-duty grounds of all the Allies, Russians included.

To round off this rough anniversary report, there are signs that the Western Allies intend not only to stand up to Communist domination in Berlin, but to prevent the near-Nazi methods, so far employed with success, being transplanted to the British, American and French zones.

American Military Government has as good as moved from Frankfort to Berlin. Only a section dealing with military affairs has been left behind. We may not plan to go as far, but some important sections are likely to be increasingly present in Berlin, instead of 250 miles from the Russian political offensive.

Other sections, like agriculture, would remain in Westphalia. Should this idea of consolidating and closing up the ranks in Berlin be actively pursued, the Western Allies would have to be prepared for a sustained and patient, wily and audacious Russian programme aimed at chilling, sabotaging and ridiculing them gradually out of Berlin. It will hardly be a time for undue toasting as between the four new chiefs: General MacNarney, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Sholto Douglas, General Sokolovsky and General Koenig.

PURCHASED BY THE ADMIRALTY—HISTORIC HURSTMONCEAUX CASTLE, WHICH IS TO HOUSE THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY WHEN IT IS MOVED FROM ITS PRESENT SITUATION AT GREENWICH: Hurstmonceaux, which lies seven miles from Eastbourne, is surrounded by a moat: it was built in the reign of Henry VI by Roger de Fienes, one of the heroes of Agincourt, and is a masterpiece of medieval architecture

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY MOVES TO HISTORIC HURSTMONCEAUX

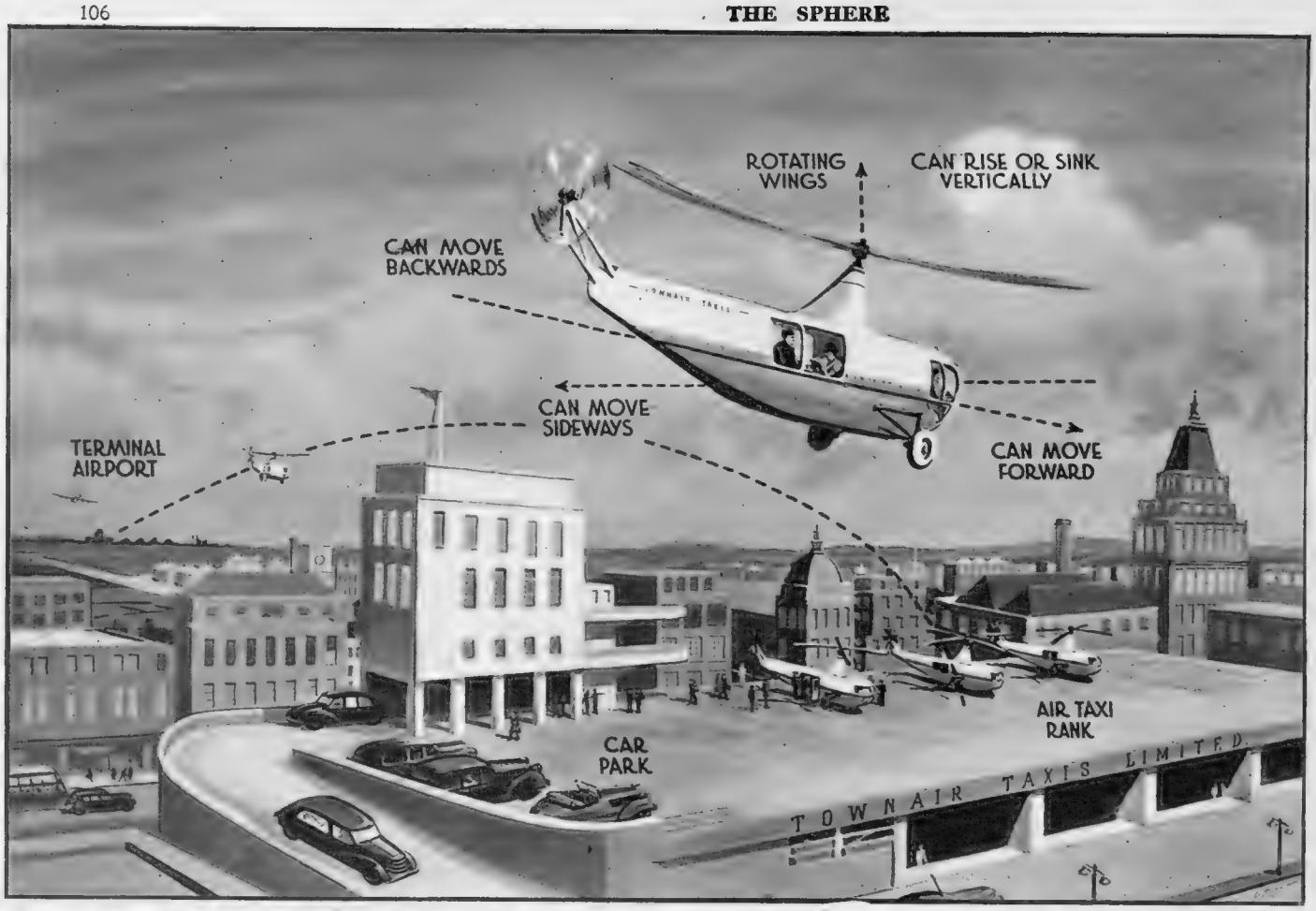
A Celebrated Sussex Castle to be the New Centre for Astronomical Observations

The decision to move the Royal Observatory from Greenwich to Hurstmonceaux Castle, in the heart of rural Sussex, occasions no surprise, as it stands to reason that the smoke ascending from the industrialised area around Greenwich has a markedly serious effect upon atmospheric transparency, and this, in turn, affects the accuracy of astronomical observations and the taking of photographic records.

Greenwich will still retain its quartz clocks and all the complicated apparatus that goes to the calculation of Greenwich Mean Time, and Admiralty chronometers and watches will doubtless continue to be supplied and repaired by the Observatory.

Hurstmonceaux, which has been sold to the Admiralty by Sir Paul Latham, was built in the reign of Henry VI by Sir Roger de Fienes, one of the heroes of Agincourt, and with its beautiful, richly-mellowed red brick, its turrets, and its picturesque moat, it is one of the architectural glories of the Sussex countryside and a gem of medieval architecture

THE MOATED CASTLE OF HURSTMONCEAUX—THE CELEBRATED BUILDING WHICH WILL REPLACE GREENWICH AS A CENTRE FOR ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS: Sir Harold Spencer Jones, the Astronomer Royal, has paid several visits to the castle recently, surveying the accommodation prior to the transference of the Royal Observatory. Owing to industrial development in the region of Greenwich, it is considered no longer possible to continue observations there



AN UNORTHODOX MACHINE MAKES ITS BOW : The future of the Fairey Gyrodyne. A diagrammatic sketch showing the possible future use as a taxi of the rotating wing aircraft which is being developed by the Fairey Aviation Company. This unusual machine incorporates the better features of the autogiro and the helicopter. It has neither wings nor aerofoils—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

THE GYRODYNE AND HELICOPTER

And Other Aircraft of Special Interest in Commercial Aviation

One of the latest and most important developments in rotating wing aircraft is being made by the Fairey Aviation Company with its Fairey Gyrodyne, a machine possessing some features in common with the autogiro and some in common with the helicopter. The Gyrodyne has an air-screw at the tail and a rotor above the cockpit, the long blades of the latter providing vertical lift as they rotate horizontally. The vertically rotating air-screw at the tail overcomes torque or swing, and it also acts as a rudder. The Gyrodyne, like the helicopter, is capable of hovering stationary in the air, or flying backwards, forwards, or sideways at will. Because of its ability to take off and land vertically it will be possible to use it from confined spaces. In time there may possibly be rotating wing taxi ranks in London in order to take air travellers to and from the terminal airfields

THE HELICOPTER IS NOW A COMMERCIAL PROPOSITION : A new phase in the development of world aviation. The Bell Aircraft Corporation's helicopter (*left*) taking off from Niagara Falls flying field for Toronto, and the Sikorsky S-51 helicopter (*right*) seen in flight. These two machines are now commercially licensed, having passed out of the purely experimental stage, and in the United States plans are now on foot to use the rotating wing aircraft for taxi work and haulage over short distances between cities. The Sikorsky S-51 is a modification of the R5, which earlier this year achieved a new helicopter altitude record of 21,000 ft. and a speed record of 114.6 miles per hour. Five hundred Bell helicopters are to go into production this year. The advantages of the helicopter principle of vertical lift have long been realised, and during the war the American forces used these machines with success for coast-guard rescue work. Their employment for mail deliveries between roof-top landing-grounds on city post-offices has been suggested frequently and has been tried experimentally

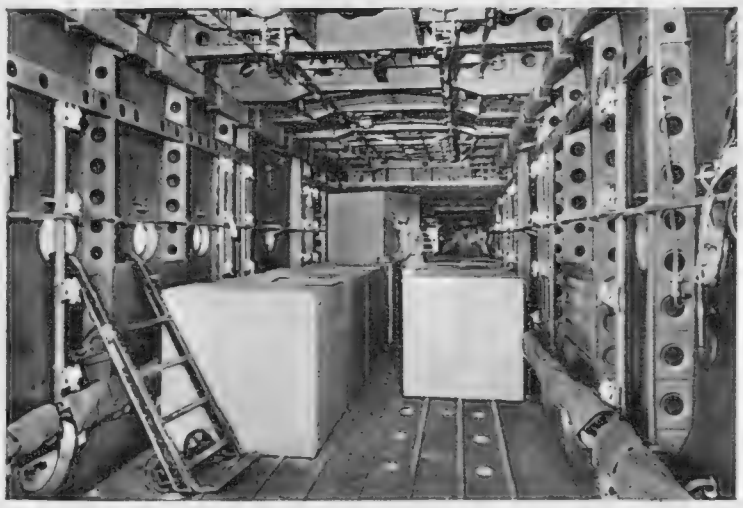
A TANDEM COCKPIT WITH AN OUTSIZE IN BLISTERS : Plastics play their part in aircraft production. This giant piece of "plexiglass" is said to be the largest ever blown. It closes over the two-man crew of the Northrop Reporter F-15, forming a smooth, streamlined section of the fuselage and giving almost unlimited vision over 360 degrees of the compass. The machine is used for high-altitude photographic reconnaissance, carrying its cameras in the nose

THE NORTHROP REPORTER IN FLIGHT : The American Army's new Reconnaissance plane. This spectacular-looking twin-boomed aircraft, with its fuselage jutting far out beyond the lines of the engine nacelles, is seen undergoing tests in the mountainous country near Northrop Field, Hawthorne, California. The machine has an extreme range of 4,000 miles and a speed in excess of 440 m.p.h. The cameras are situated in the nose, and the top of the nose is painted black in order to reduce the glare of the sun in the pilot's eyes

A NEW FASHION IN AIRCRAFT TYRES : The Compacta creates a revolution in design. A giant four-engined machine fitted with the squat tyres which have been introduced by Dunlop and which were recently tried out at Honiley, near Coventry, in conjunction with advanced types of aircraft brakes. One essential merit of the Compacta is that it provides easier stowage in flight—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

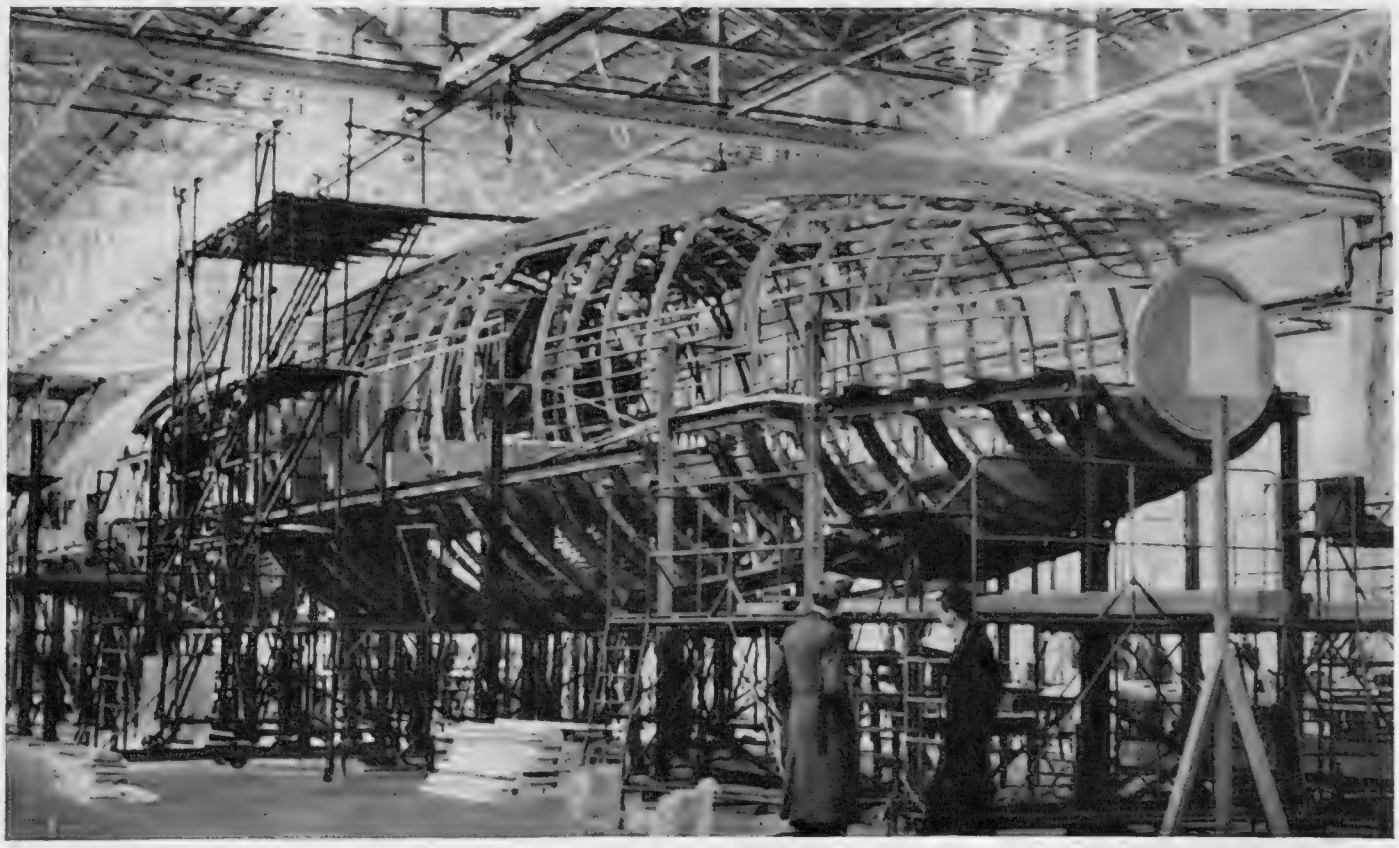
***On left*—The recent experiments at Honiley, near Coventry, have shown clearly enough that the new Compacta, or squat tyre, introduced by Dunlop has come to stay and that it will play a valuable part in future modifications of aircraft design. One essential merit of the squat tyre is its greatly reduced diameter by comparison with a normal pattern of equivalent pressure and capacity. This means easier stowage and the provision of less space for the undercarriage in the wings of new aircraft. In other designs there will be less bulging of the nacelles. As an example of the saving of space effected, it is noteworthy that the Lancaster which was used for the Dunlop experiment at Honiley had squat tyres only 41 ins. in diameter and weighing 488 lbs. each, whereas a normal pattern used on the Lancaster is 62 ins. in diameter and weighs 626 lbs. The characteristic flat crown section of the new type of tyre is achieved by constraining the crown, which would otherwise assume its natural torroidal shape, by binding with synthetic cord**

A FLYING FREIGHTER : The Fairchild Cargo Plane is a carrier of big burdens. This American machine has an enormous cargo compartment, almost as large as a railway freight van



ROOM FOR A PAYLOAD OF NINE TONS : The interior of the Fairchild Cargo Plane is 38½ ft. long, 8½ ft. wide, and 8½ ft. high. During the war the machine was used for carrying paratroopers or heavy equipment, and now it may be used largely for the transport of mails, the U.S. postal authorities having already inspected it with this end in view. When heavy loads are being carried they can be tied to the floor with the aid of special rings which are set 20 ins. apart. The Fairchild's cruising speed is about 200 m.p.h., and it is claimed to possess a remarkably high standard of reliability

***On right*—THE BIRTH OF THE BRABAZON : Britain's largest air-liner taking shape at Filton, near Bristol. The skeleton of the 177-ft. fuselage is complete and is now receiving its metal skin.** The Brabazon is not expected to take the air before the summer of 1947, and its wings, which will span 230 ft., cannot be fitted until Filton's new £1,500,000 hangar is completed. Before the take-off from Filton the runway will also have to be extended. Until this machine enters the field of civil aviation Britain has other types on which to rely, and progress with the Vickers Viking, the Tudor I and the Tudor II is reported to be well up to schedule. The Tudor II, which has twenty sleeping berths and can seat sixty-four passengers, is a civil type based on original plans for a combat aircraft, and is typical of the intermediate stage in the development of Britain's overseas services. A deal of controversy has surrounded the Brabazon, largely because there is a body of opinion opposed to the construction of giant aircraft



A FOREIGN SURVEY

Lord Alexander in Ottawa; The "Missouri" Visits Constantinople; The Week in Belgium; Japan Holds Free Elections; A Speedway Escape in America

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER WEARS HIS NEW UNIFORM: The new Governor-General of Canada and his wife at the entrance to the Peace Tower, Ottawa, where they witnessed a march-past in honour of their arrival. Lord Alexander wore a top hat and morning coat in place of service dress, striking a somewhat unfamiliar note. His arrival in Canada has been greeted with much enthusiasm, and it is felt that he starts his term of office with an extra degree of good will, so many Canadian ex-Servicemen having come to know him during the war years. The former Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, has now returned to England

VICTIMS OF THE GERMAN OCCUPATION DEMONSTRATE IN BRUSSELS: Carrying through the streets the flag of Breendonck as a reminder of what they suffered in the Nazi horror camps. A picture taken in the Belgian capital as some thousands of former political prisoners, who had been tortured and starved by the Germans, marched to the Grand Place to demand a Government inquiry into their request for financial reparation. Breendonck, near Antwerp, is reputed to have been one of the worst of the concentration camps

THE MEN OF BREENDONCK FORGATHER IN BRUSSELS: Victims of Nazi prison camps demonstrating in the Grand Place. They not only demanded that the Government should look into the question of their right to reparations, but urged that all Rexists and collaborators with the Germans should be brought to speedy trial

THE "MISSOURI" VISITS THE BOSPHORUS—THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP AT CONSTANTINOPLE, WHERE SHE ARRIVED WITH THE BODY OF THE LATE TURKISH AMBASSADOR: The Turkish Government and people accorded a great welcome to the "Missouri," and large crowds witnessed the bringing ashore of the remains of M. Ertegun. The Ambassador died in Washington in 1944, and his body will now be reinterred in Turkish soil. Admiral Hewitt afterwards opened the warship to the public, and many thousands of people were able to see the historic spot where the Japanese signed the terms of surrender in 1945. After leaving Constantinople, the *Missouri* cruised back through the Mediterranean, paying various courtesy calls en route. The original suggestion that her voyage had a political significance in view of the Persian dispute has been completely disclaimed

A MOBILE POLITICIAN IN THE NEW JAPAN: Kenshin Izumi speaking from his motor-cycle combination during the Japanese election campaign. This thirty-nine-year-old Buddhist priest, whose temple is on the outskirts of Tokyo, contested a Tokyo seat for the National Diet. He campaigned in his priestly robes and urged, among other things, a democratic Japan with the Emperor still at the helm, equality of the sexes, and a people contented and living within the scope of Buddhistic teaching. Women were much to the fore at the polls, casting more than one-third of the total votes. In addition there were eighty women candidates

WOMEN OF JAPAN CAST THEIR VOTES : A scene at Yotsuya Ward Polling Station, Tokyo, during the recent general election. The election was held at the behest of General Douglas MacArthur, and nearly 24,000,000 people went to the polls to record the first free votes in the country's history. The result was a decisive success for the Conservative element in the community, and it is felt that the Allied administration will now be able to call upon the new Japanese Ministry to take over some of its many arduous responsibilities on the lower levels of Government

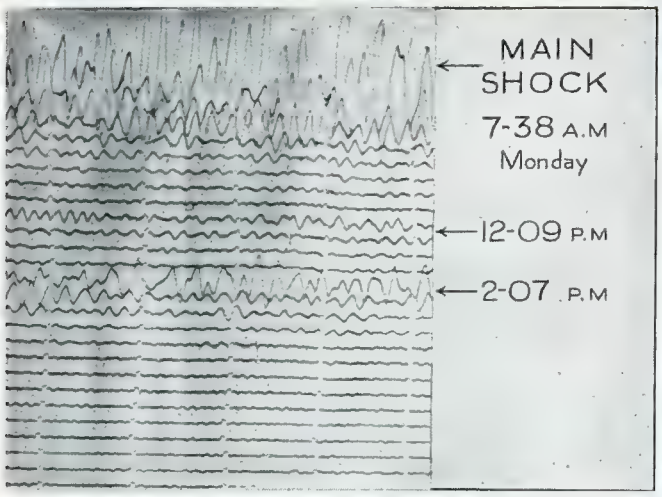
BELGIUM PREPARES FOR SUMMER VISITORS : Tidying up on the front at Ostend. Workmen engaged in rebuilding at the famous resort which suffered severely from raids by the R.A.F. and was much affected by the fortification building of the Nazis, who built vast concrete gun emplacements along every few yards of this shore, anticipating that it would be an ideal place for invasion. The centre of Ostend is not severely damaged, but very few of the hotels on the promenade remain completely intact. Many of the hotels will be open this summer, however, and a record rush of visitors is expected from all parts of Belgium The beach is one of the finest in Europe

BLOWING UP A GERMAN BLOCKHOUSE, 1946 VERSION : A scene on the front at Ostend, which is now being prepared to receive summer holiday-makers. The quantity of cement put into many of these concrete installations has to be seen to be believed. It was the work of the Todt and Speer organisations, which employed slave labour, gangs of men moving from point to point along the coast. Each big-gun emplacement had protective machine-gun nests

FIVE SECONDS IN THE LIFE OF STEVE MORLOCK—A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE IN AN AMERICAN CAR RACE : These four pictures were taken at Lakewood Speedway, Atlanta, Georgia, as Morlock, a veteran race-track driver, came to grief at one of the bends. The car is seen hurtling to the top of the banking completely out of control and it then somersaults back on to the track and comes to the ground in an upside-down position. In the third picture Morlock is seen beneath the vehicle, and to the surprise of everyone he crept out of the wreckage, dusted himself, and walked away from the smashed car entirely unhurt. His escape was all the more remarkable in that the rear part of the cockpit was crumpled

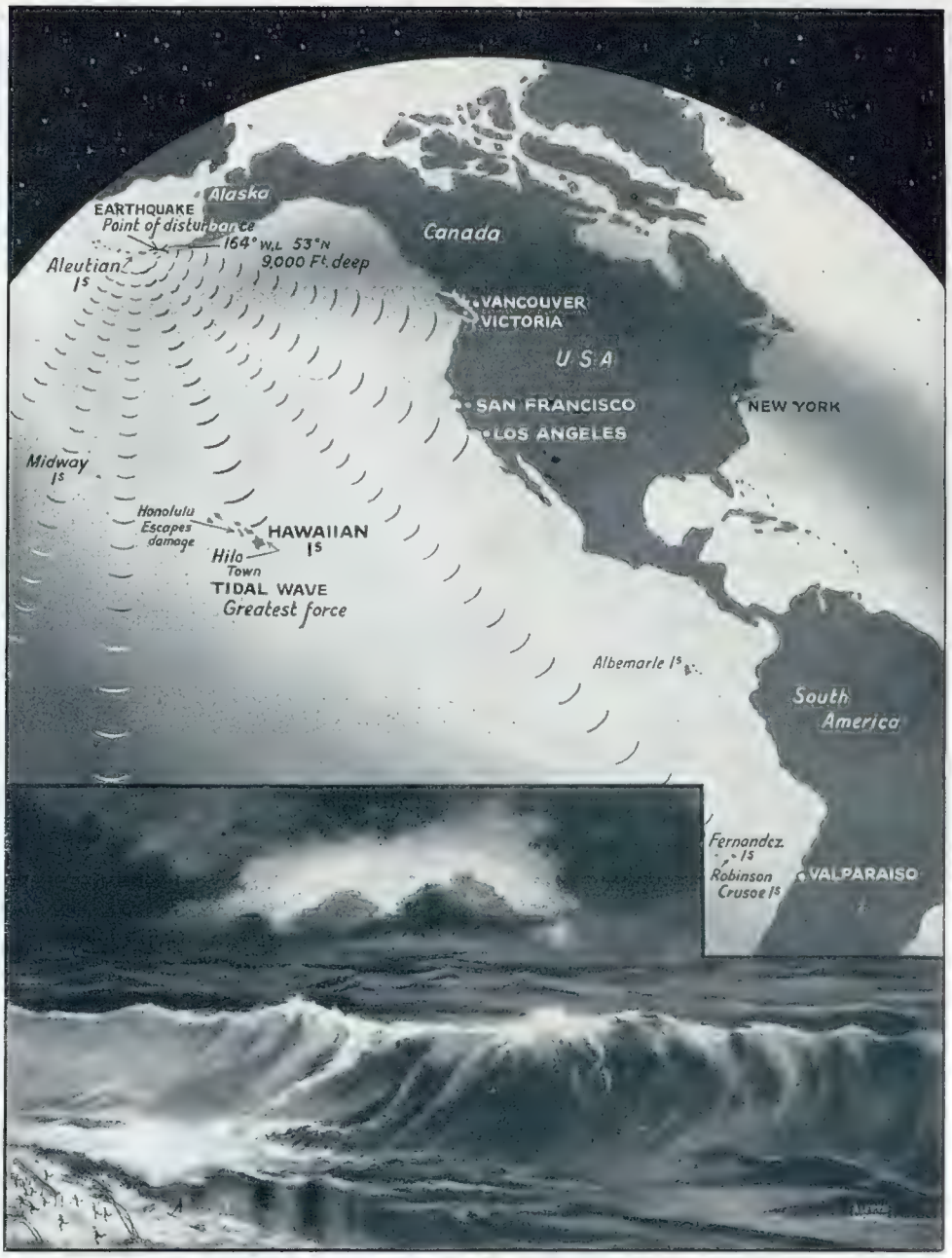
PACIFIC TIDAL-WAVE HAVOC

Devastation in Hawaii and on America's West Coast Following the Submarine Quake Near the Aleutians



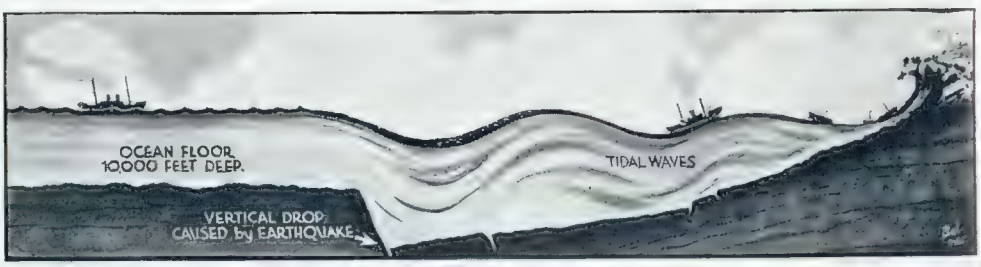
HOW THE SEISMOGRAPH REACTED : This record of the submarine quake near the Aleutians, which resulted in the tidal waves that swept through the Western Pacific, was made at Fordham University, New York. It will be seen how the shock at 7.38 a.m. caused an overwhelming agitation of the instrument. This was not reported for several hours

From Alaska in the Far North to the shores of Chile in the south the peoples of the Pacific coast and the Pacific islands felt the impact of the great tidal waves resulting from the recent earthquake in the ocean-bed off the Aleutian Islands. It is believed that the earthquake caused a vast subsidence in the sea-bed, and the subsequent displacement of water in turn created the waves which swept across the ocean, causing immense damage to property and the loss of at least 200 lives. The brunt of the disaster was borne by the city of Hilo, on Hawaii Island. The actual moment of the disaster is described by eye-witnesses as one of unbelievable horror. After receding to an unprecedented extent, the ocean rolled back in nine gigantic waves whose crests tore through concrete walls, crushed buildings and scattered railway carriages, cars and boats as if they were driftwood. The warehouse district was destroyed, leaving the city with only enough food for four days



THE PATH OF THE TIDAL WAVE : A diagrammatic sketch showing how the submarine quake in the region of the Aleutians caused an immense disturbance in the Pacific, fanning out in waves of colossal violence which struck with greatest effect against Hawaii and actually reached the city of Valparaiso on the coast of Chile, the latter a distance of 9,000 miles from the source of the disaster—*Drawing by Alfred Morris*

VICTIMS IN HAWAII : A picture by radio of Mr. James Koohuli (seated on left) and his family housed at the Green Valley Evacuation Centre after their home had been destroyed by the tidal waves as they swept across the island group



HOW GREAT TIDAL WAVES MAY HAVE OCCURRED : A drawing showing what probably happened following the earthquake off the Aleutians. A vertical drop was caused in the sea-bed, immense quantities of water being displaced in the space of a few seconds. The resultant waves swept all before them

HAVOC AMONG THE LITTLE SHIPS : Two more results of the seismic waves as recorded in widely-scattered parts of the Pacific. *On left*—Debris from wrecked craft entangled among motor-boats at their moorings in the Ala Wai Canal, near Honolulu. *On right*—A 35-ft. fishing-boat washed ashore in the San Francisco region of California. Oddly enough, the boat came to rest exactly astride the highway

Above—**A SOUTH AFRICAN FREIGHTER UNLOADS IN THE PORT OF LONDON: A cargo from the Cape is transferred to lighters—an evening scene on the busy river. The London docks are handling increasing cargoes from the Union and the fruit trade is assuming an ever-increasing importance, as there are so many potential buyers of South African oranges within a few miles of the port**—*Drawing by R. Johnston*

FROM LONDON RIVER TO TABLE BAY

Trade Between Britain and South Africa Enjoys a Post-War Boom

South Africa may well be proud of the part she played in the sea war against the Axis Powers. During those anxious years her ports hummed with feverish activity and, with the virtual closing of the Mediterranean to shipping, Cape Town regained the important position she once occupied as "The Tavern of the Seas," while Durban's part as clearing-base for Middle East operations cannot be overestimated.

To-day South Africa is turning as speedily as any nation from a wartime to a peacetime basis; and already the flow of trade between the Port of London and the Cape, and the Cape and the Port of London, is reaching significant proportions. To meet all these vast developments, the docks in Table Bay are wonderfully equipped. In fact, visitors to Cape Town in 1946 would scarcely recognise the docks of the pre-war era. While in 1939 the port could only berth a dozen or so big ships, it can now accommodate thirty. The new Duncan Basin, named after a former Governor-General of the Union, and completed during the war years, affords many deep-sea berths. In the next few years trade between Britain and the Union will undoubtedly make enormous strides, and much of it will flow into the well-equipped Port of London, for it must not be forgotten that South Africa is a vast producer of fruit, and within ten miles of London's docks there is, for example, the biggest orange-eating public in the world. In return, South Africa definitely wants British goods.

Below—**A FREIGHTER ENTERS TABLE BAY—"THE TAVERN OF THE SEAS": A fully-laden cargo vessel on the London-Cape Town route, which is likely to assume a greatly increasing commercial importance in the years ahead. South Africa is eager to buy the products of British industry, and Britain, in turn, is a ready market for the fruit exports of the rich Cape Province**—*Drawing by R. Johnston*

GANDHI AND HIS GRANDDAUGHTERS : The Mahatma seen at his camp in the Untouchables quarter of Old Delhi, where he stayed while visiting the city for his talks with members of the British Cabinet Mission. On the left is Sita Gandhi, eighteen-year-old daughter of Gandhi's son, Manihal, of Durban, South Africa, and next to her is twelve-year-old Tara Gandhi, whose father is managing director of the *Hindustan Times*, New Delhi. The girl on the right, upon whom the Mahatma is also leaning, is Tara's friend, Urmila Mehta

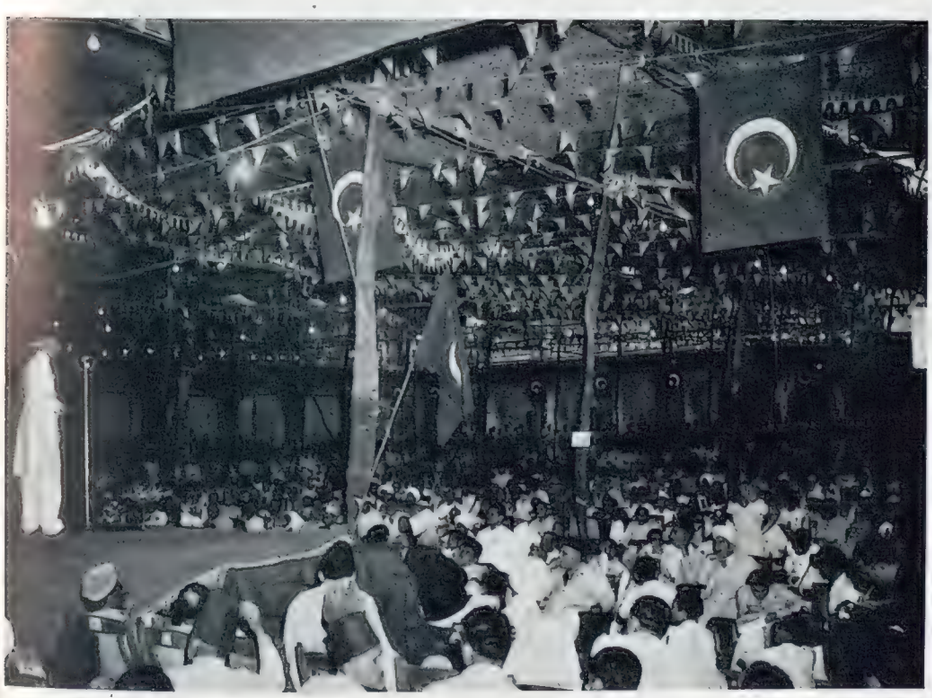
LEADERS OF HINDU THOUGHT AND ACTION—MA
in white cap, coat and trousers, squatting on th
both received their early training as barristers. Nehr

Hindu rule of the whole vast sub-continent of India, with 100,000,000 Muslims in the minority, or Hindu rule in some States and Muslim rule in others. This is the broad issue with which India is faced, the issue of Hindustan and Pakistan. In the accompanying pictures are shown Gandhi, Nehru and Jinnah, three of the most outstanding protagonists in this great political drama, during recent important occasions in Delhi

INDIA
HINDUSTAN and PAKISTAN
Protagonists in the Great Political Drama in the Sub-Continent

***On right*—GANDHI LEAVES VICEREGAL HOUSE : The Mahatma, looking more buoyant than at any time of recent years, seen after his interview with members of the British Cabinet Mission.** As ever Gandhi counselled the gospel of non-violence, which has dominated his entire life as a Nationalist leader. He spent eighty-five minutes with members of the Mission, and came away expressing himself well pleased with the progress that had been made and with the tenor of the conversations. The Mahatma is now in his seventy-seventh year, and he has been actively engaged in the struggle for emancipation for well over fifty years

TMA GANDHI AND PANDIT JAWAHARLAL NEHRU TAKE PART IN A SPINNING DEMONSTRATION IN OLD DELHI : The Mahatma, clad only in a loin-cloth, and Mr. Nehru floor surrounded by their faithful followers. A picture taken during Gandhi's recent visit to Delhi in the course of which he met the British Cabinet Mission. Gandhi and Nehru was educated in England, at Harrow, and Trinity College, Cambridge, and he has for long been one of the chief spokesmen of the Hindu cause and, like his father, a believer in unconstitutional agitation. He has been to gaol on numerous occasions as a political prisoner. Nehru is violently opposed to Jinnah's insistent claim that there should be a complete separation of Muslim and Hindu India



MR. JINNAH STATES HIS CASE : The leader of the All-India Muslim League addressing his followers in the flag-draped Anglo-Arabic School in Old Delhi. His audience consisted largely of the 400-odd newly-elected Muslim members of the various Indian legislatures, and this demonstration in strength coincided significantly enough with the British Cabinet Mission's stay in New Delhi. Mr. Jinnah, who was elegantly dressed in Indian costume, made a regal entry in a procession of his lieutenants, and vast applause echoed through the building as he congratulated members on their recent resounding victory in the provincial elections, when the Muslim League secured 445 out of 512 Muslim seats in all the legislatures of British India. Mr. Jinnah demands that the Hindus concede Pakistan : in other words, that a Muslim State be carved from India and that the Muslims have full determination

THE QUAID-E-AZAM (GREAT LEADER) HOLDS FORTH TO HIS FOLLOWERS : Mr. Jinnah, a striking figure in Indian costume, addressing the Muslim League in Old Delhi

THE JAPANESE SUBMARINE PACK AWAITS THE KILL : Former units of the Japanese under-water fleet lined up at Sasebo Naval Base before being destroyed by the United States Navy. On April 1 twenty-four of these submarines were taken sixty miles out to sea and were blown up in 900 ft. of water. Another unit of the Japanese Navy will meet its end in the forthcoming atom-bomb tests at Bikini, the 32,000-ton *Nagato* having been selected for destruction in this manner. The once-powerful Japanese Navy is very much smaller than was supposed, many warships having been destroyed in the closing phases of the war when America and Britain massed such combined strength in Pacific waters

The U.S. NAVY IN HOME WATERS AND JAPAN

Destroying the Japanese Submarine Fleet

On right—San Diego, the great naval base lying just to the south of Los Angeles, on the Californian coast, has been chosen as the base for America's Fifth Fleet. This Fleet, which is to be the only remaining striking force in the Pacific, is modified in accordance with the latest strategical ideas, five or six carriers forming the spearhead and the battleships occupying a subsidiary attacking role. In addition, the Fifth Fleet will have 8 cruisers, 36 destroyers and two squadrons of submarines. The Third Fleet, which is based on San Francisco, is strictly a reserve fleet, while the Seventh, at Shanghai, is a patrol force

SAN DIEGO, THE BASE FOR THE AMERICAN FIFTH FLEET : A diagrammatic drawing of the harbour from which Vice-Admiral Sherman will operate what is to be the only striking force in Pacific waters. The Fifth Fleet includes five or six carriers, and two battleships which will operate in a subsidiary role—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

***Below*—THE U.S. NAVY'S IDLE FLEET KEEPS GROWING : Warships at anchor in the St. John's River, Green Cove Springs, Florida.** They are among 400 ships which have already been taken out of commission under what is picturesquely termed "Operation Zipper." It is estimated that another 300 will be out of service by the end of the year : but what their eventual fate will be is not certain

CRUISING FROM WINTER INTO SPRING : The 45,000-ton aircraft-carrier "Midway" moving into New York Harbour after a twenty-six-day experimental cruise in the North-Western Atlantic, which took her to within 200 miles of the Arctic Circle. The *Midway* was the chief unit in the Navy's "Operation Frostbite," which was held in order to test equipment under the most severe weather conditions. The vessel returned to its New York base during a minor heat-wave, much to the satisfaction of the crew

READING THE NEWS OF INDEPENDENCE—A STREET SCENE IN AMMAN, THE CAPITAL OF THE NEW SOVEREIGN STATE OF TRANSJORDAN: Arab citizens discuss the tidings which coincided with the conclusion of a Treaty of Alliance with Britain. Until this Treaty, Transjordan was a mandatory area covered in part by the terms of the Palestine Mandate—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

TRANSJORDAN ACHIEVES SOVEREIGN STATUS

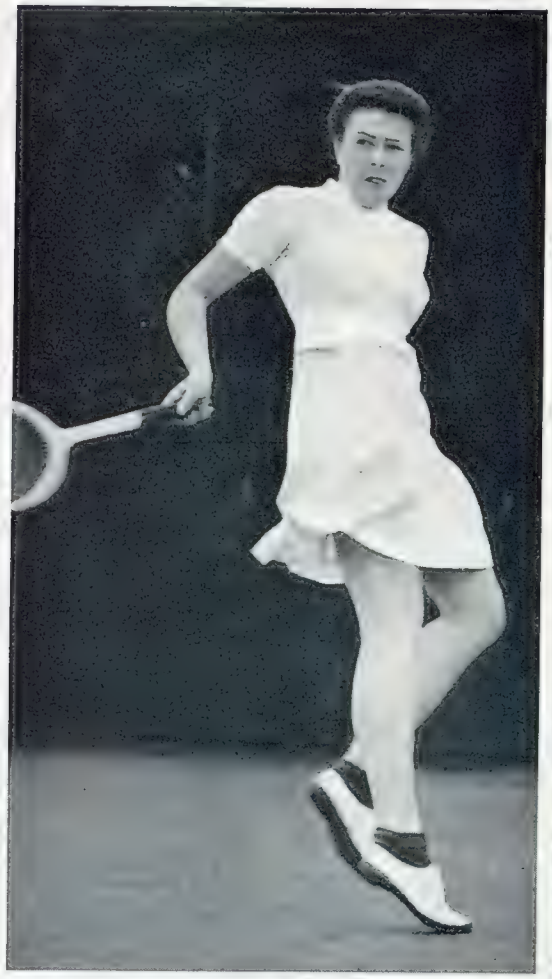
A New Arab State Comes Into Being in the Middle East

A visit to Transjordan to-day demonstrates the success of British policy, which has culminated in the signature of a Treaty of Alliance between the two countries and in Transjordan's achievement of sovereign status. In twenty-five years British guidance has transformed this mountainous semi-desert land from a place of lawlessness into one of the most tranquil and contented countries in the Middle East.

The capital of Transjordan is Amman, which, when the Emir began his reign, was a small town of some 2,000 inhabitants. To-day it possesses a population of 43,000 and impresses the visitor with its modern buildings and well-laid-out streets. The majority of Transjordan's inhabitants are Arab. Most citizens of Amman still go about armed, although the necessity for doing so has long since passed

EASTER IN JERUSALEM: No matter what the political disturbances, the religious life of the country pursues its serene way. Elderly Jews study the scriptures and the history of their race. And what an extraordinary story it is, with its chronicle of crushing blows which never succeed in killing the spirit that animates Jewry. Between the Jew in Jerusalem and the Jew in Europe there is a complete bond of sympathy and a certitude on both sides that Palestine, despite the current difficulties, will one day become the Jewish national home—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

THE NEW STATE OF TRANSJORDAN: A sketch-map showing the relationship of the country to Palestine, both of which were administered under the same Mandate until the recent granting of sovereign status to Transjordan. This territory, which roughly corresponds to the old Seljuk Kingdom of Kerak and of the Lordship of Montreal, came under the wing of Britain in 1921. No task of pacification has ever been more happily achieved, and much is due to the work of two British officers, Peake Pasha and Glubb Pasha, the present leader of the Arab Legion. To mark the granting of sovereign status to Transjordan and the conclusion of the Treaty, four days of national rejoicing were recently declared by the Emir Abdullah



THE FIRST POST-WAR LAWN TENNIS SEASON OPENS : Miss P. E. Ward in action in the first round of the Surrey Hard Court Championships at Sutton. She was defeated 6—1, 6—1 by Miss Grubb, but put up a good showing

THE WOMEN'S SINGLES AT SUTTON : Mrs. B. Carris (left) making a return on the forehand and Mrs. Panton (right) dealing with a drive on the back hand, during one of the opening rounds of the Surrey Hard Court Championships with which the lawn-tennis season opened before Easter. Mrs. Carris reached the final of the Women's Doubles and will probably figure prominently in tournament play during the coming season

THE RETURN OF BIG-TIME TENNIS

And Other Items of Current Home News

After six lean years lawn tennis has come into its own again, and at the Surrey Hard Court Championships, held just before Easter at Sutton, our men and women players made their post-war debut in tournament play, and a very heartening performance they put up. Already our trial teams for the Davis Cup and the Wightman Cup have been chosen, and it is good to see such familiar names as Oliff, Filby, Wilde and Butler among the list of those who will be competing in international tennis.

Among the women there are many newcomers, some of them of outstanding promise. At Sutton, Mrs. J. E. Hilton, who played for Warwickshire before the war as Miss Betty Clements, won the women's singles by beating Miss Molly Lincoln by 9—7, 7—5. These two girls are by far the best stylists this country has produced for many years.

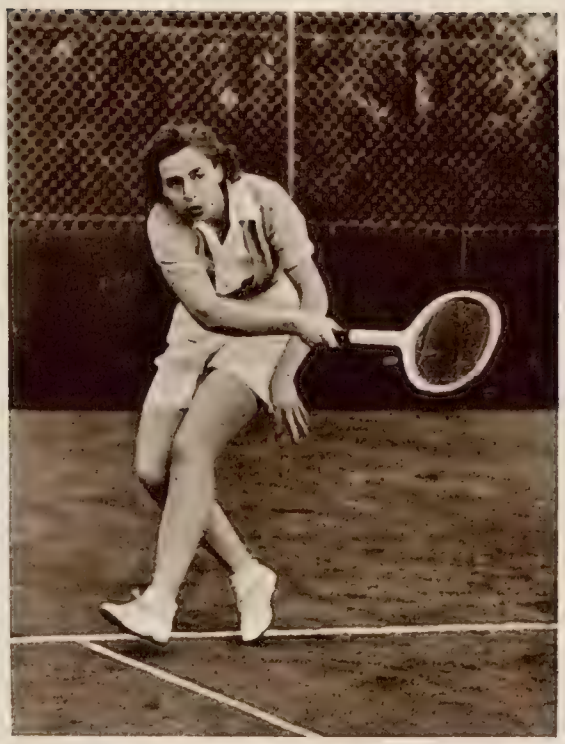
STORM OVER WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE : An aerial view of Earl Fitzwilliam's estate near Rotherham, Yorks showing how it has been devastated by open-cast coal-mining. Earl Fitzwilliam has appealed to Mr. Attlee

ENCROACHING ON A FAMED BEAUTY SPOT : Another aerial picture illustrating how the open-cast coal workings at Wentworth Woodhouse approach the gardens on two sides. Last week Earl Fitzwilliam, the owner of Wentworth, went to Downing Street to see Mr. Attlee, and to appeal against further damage to the property. He urged that the work could be done by less destructive methods. Meanwhile excavators were at work getting out the first 300 tons of coal in Mr. Shinwell's new drive to obtain a further 345,000 tons from the property. Associated with the protest against this vandalism was Mr. J. A. Hall, president of the Yorkshire Mineworkers' Association. Mr. Shinwell, however, has claimed that, such is the shortage, he cannot afford to do without the coal on this estate, and that the work must go on

OPENING OF BRITAIN'S LARGEST YOUTH HOSTEL : The guests forgather at Auchendrennan, on Loch Lomond, the mansion which has now been adapted to receive 500 guests at a time. The opening ceremony was conducted by Mr. Tom Fraser, the Joint Under-Secretary of State for Scotland

There was an enthusiastic gathering in the grounds of Auchendrennan recently when Mr. Tom Fraser opened what is claimed to be Britain's largest youth hostel. Auchendrennan Hostel will accommodate 500 visitors and the work of clearing the mansion and the grounds has been carried out by volunteer working parties. The adaptation of Auchendrennan has been made possible by a gift of £2,250 from American trade unions. Auchendrennan stands in superb grounds near the shores of Loch Lomond and will provide a wonderful playground for the youth of Glasgow and Edinburgh.

IN THE GROUNDS OF AUCHENDRENNAN : Mr. Tom Fraser, Under-Secretary for Scotland, Sir Ian Colquhoun, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, and Mr. G. B. Esslemount, of the Scottish Youth Hostels Association, seen together at the opening



FIRST-ROUND OPPONENTS : Mrs. B. Carris (left) and Mrs. D. R. Herbst (right) in action against each other at the Surrey Hard Court Championships, which revealed that, despite the stagnation of the war years, our men and women players are likely to take as prominent a part as ever in international tennis. Already a team has been picked to train for the Wightman Cup matches against the United States, which take place on June 14 and 15

A FAVOURITE OF THE CENTRE COURT : Mrs. Menzies, better known to the lawn-tennis world as Kay Stammers, in action at Sutton, where she reached the semi-final of the Women's Doubles with Miss Ingram. She has been chosen to train with the British Wightman Cup probables

HATCHING PLANS TO OUTWIT THE CAR BANDITS : A police instructor demonstrating by means of a model how a car, driven by a supposed bandit, can be chased and forced off the road. A picture taken at the Police College, Hendon, where recruits for the Mobile Police Force are under intensive training. The work of this force is becoming increasingly arduous, and, as the bandits are ever ready to take risks, the police have to follow suit. Only recently it will be remembered, a police car in London pursued another car, which eventually went headlong into the Thames. The police car pulled up just in time to avert disaster, and the police then dived into the river fully clothed and made their capture

GOODBYE AND MANY THANKS : Captain C. Coppinger, R.N., saying farewell to his former assistants, Chief Petty Officer R. V. Millson and Chief Petty Officer Jones on their departure from the shore training establishment *King Alfred* at Hove prior to demobilisation. Between them the two men have sixty-eight years service in the Navy, and they have both spent the last six years at Hove

THE NEPALESE MINISTER GIVES A RECEPTION IN SOUTH KENSINGTON : The Minister, General Sir Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, offering a cigarette to the Maharanee of Baroda, who has just arrived in company with her husband, the Gaekwar of Baroda (right). The reception was given in honour of the Nepalese New Year. The Gaekwar, who only recently arrived in England, is planning a big campaign on the Turf this summer

PARIS IN SPRING

The French Capital Is Gayer Than It Was; But Citizens Still Have to Seek the Essentials of Life

Once again it is spring in Paris; a Paris free, it is true, from the hated Nazi forces of occupation, but a Paris still convalescent as a result of experiences in the war years. In some aspects Paris is its old self again; in some it has never changed throughout the years; while in others there are many things lacking from the gay city that we knew in pre-war days.

Food and fuel and clothing are still woefully short in the French capital. The tide of life returns to the boulevards, the air is full of the promise of the new season, but citizens who have been without the prime necessities of life for so long must needs be practical, and the green freshness of the Bois and the Champs Elysées do not wholly compensate for lack of meat and no coal in the cellar.

Paris, however, has much to be thankful for; and from 1946 onwards, with political stability as an added help, she hopes for better things. At least she can point to an almost unscarred city, for she was exceptionally fortunate both in the German assault of 1940 and the victorious advance of the Allies in 1944.

ALMOST LIKE OLD TIMES AGAIN: It is springtime in Paris, the trees are beginning to burst into bud and there is an atmosphere of hope and expectation in the air. Paris is not really herself yet, but life is happier

NEWSPAPER CORNER: Buying their daily paper before entering the Metro subway. The Press is still rationed in Paris, and the papers are smaller than those in London

LETTUCE FROM THE SUBURBS: A young street vendor offers his wares—fresh lettuces he has wheeled in from his father's garden

THEY WILL KNOW A HAPPIER PARIS: Young citizens at play in one of the parks, which are now beginning to look their best

THE MONT BLANC HAS HAD A SPRING-CLEAN: A celebrated Parisian dance-hall with its new coat of paint. With regard to the appearance of its buildings Paris certainly has the advantage of London, having suffered practically no damage during the days of the German assault in 1940 and having been similarly lucky in 1944 when, thanks to the rising of the Resistance Movement, the Germans found it impracticable to make a stand

THE SIDEWALK CAFÉS HAVE COME INTO THEIR OWN AGAIN : The homeward-bound Parisian stops for a beer or a coffee, just as he did in the carefree days before the war, but there is little else he can buy

TAXIS ARE NO LONGER THERE FOR THE ASKING : There is a chronic shortage of transport in Paris, and there is often a gendarme on duty at the cab-ranks to see that first come first served is the order of the day. There was a time when the taxi was the curse of the city's traffic system, and the taxi-horns echoed almost ceaselessly in such traffic centres as the Rue Royale and around the Place de L'Opera

SIDELIGHT ON THE TRANSPORT SITUATION : There is little petrol and there are few cars, so the Parisian has become more than ever a devotee of the bicycle, and many a citizen wheels into work from the suburbs rather than use the overcrowded bus service or the equally overcrowded Metro. Cycling has for long been a most popular French sport; now it is almost an essential for the man of business

LACE COLLARS FOR THE WOMAN OF FASHION : A spring display in one of the less-expensive department stores of the French capital

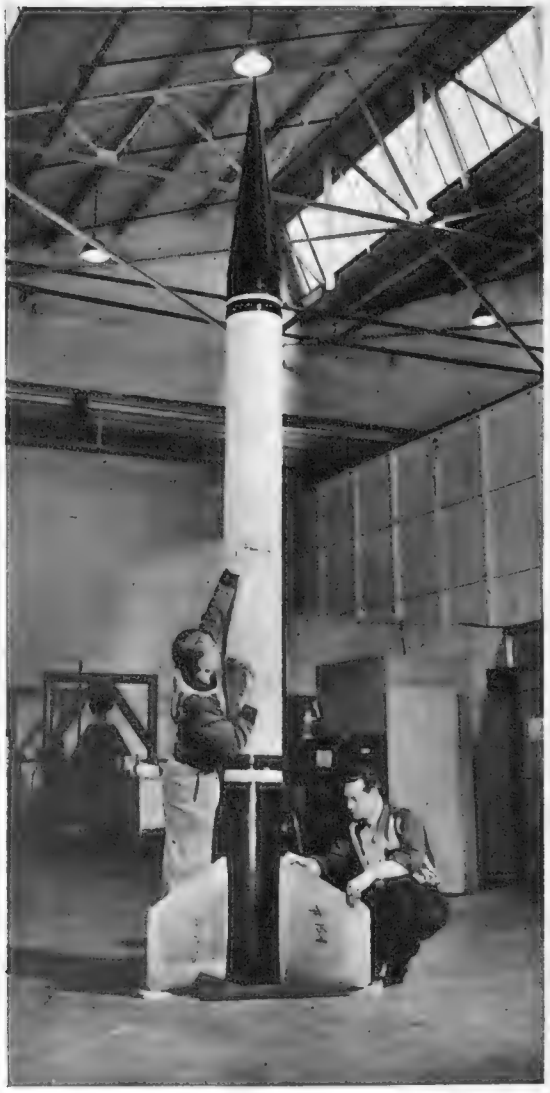
THE ARTISTIC TOUCH : The firm of Gant Perrin makes a bold pre-Easter display of gay costume fabrics in one of their windows

THE PERFUME KIOSK : The firm of Molyneux display their latest range of scents. These are up to pre-war standard in quality, but prices are high

GILDED BY THE SPRING SUNSHINE : Parisians admiring a display at one of the more popular shops showing spring frocks in gay materials. Skirts are again to be economically short this season

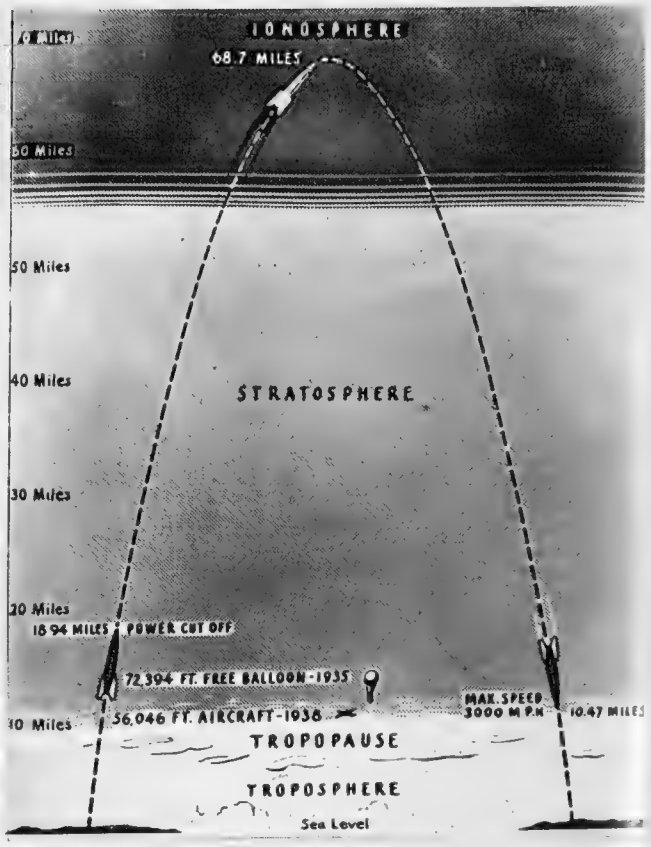
THE IONOSPHERE ROCKET

And Some Other Scientific Subjects Shown in Pictures

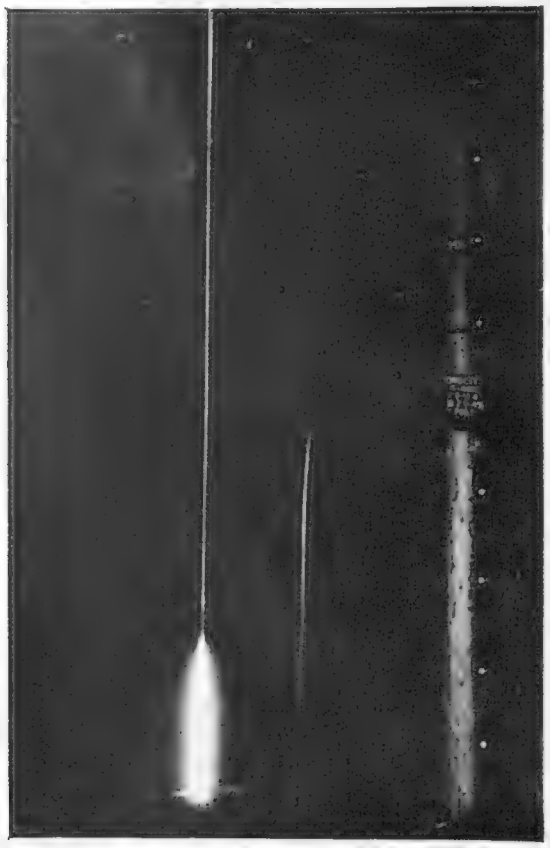


THE IONOSPHERE ROCKET IS PREPARED FOR ACTION : Men putting the finishing touches to the American version of the German V-2, which has been developed by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in California, and is being used for testing weather in the stratosphere. It can actually reach the ionosphere, attaining a height of 68·7 miles

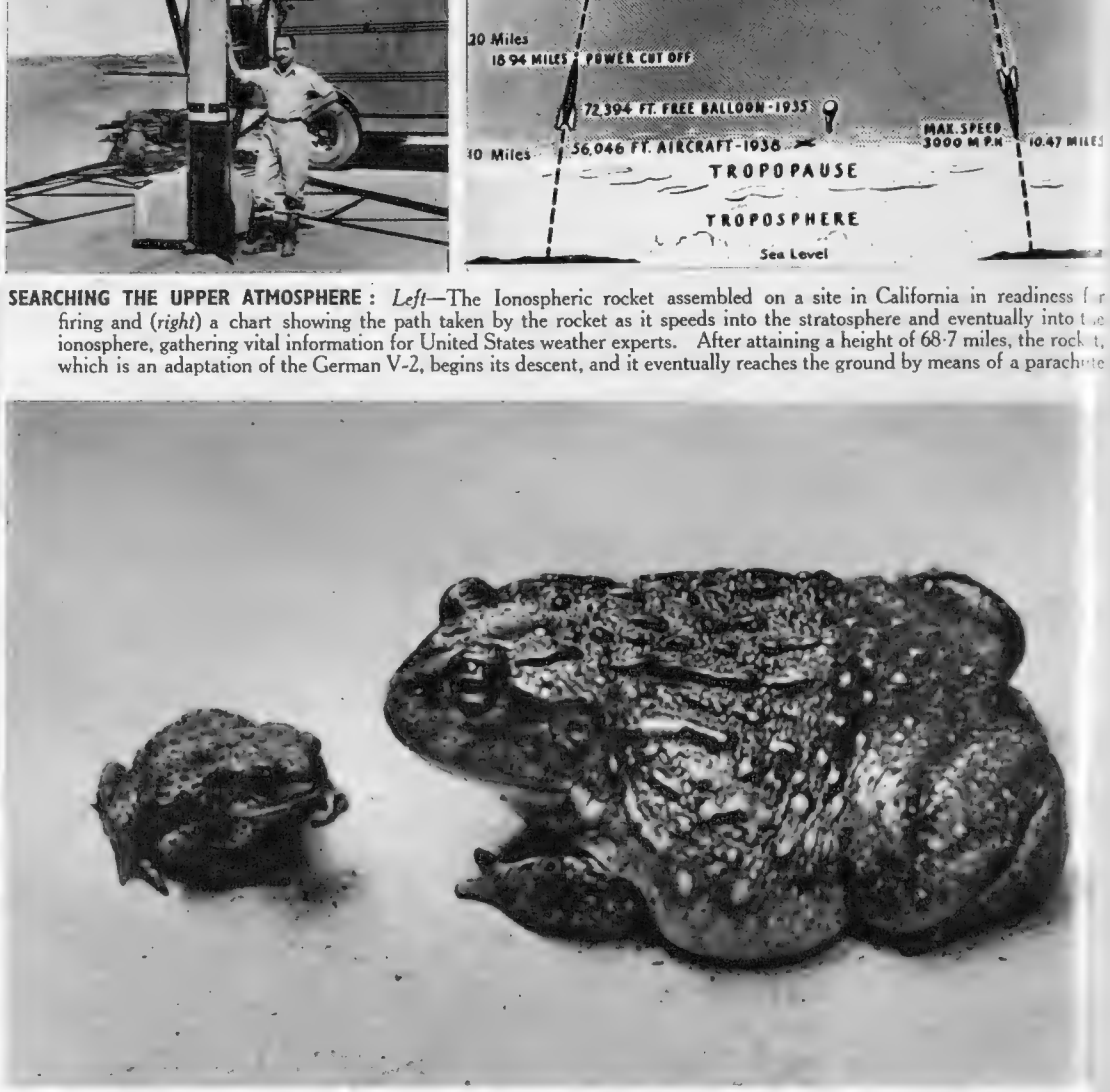
The V-2 attempted to terrorise London during the closing phases of the war. Now it is being put to a peacetime use, and at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at Calcit, California, it has been adapted to the needs of the United States Army meteorologists. It is now equipped with special meteorological recording apparatus, and, having been fired through the stratosphere into the ionosphere, it can be brought back to earth with the aid of parachute apparatus carrying with it vital weather information



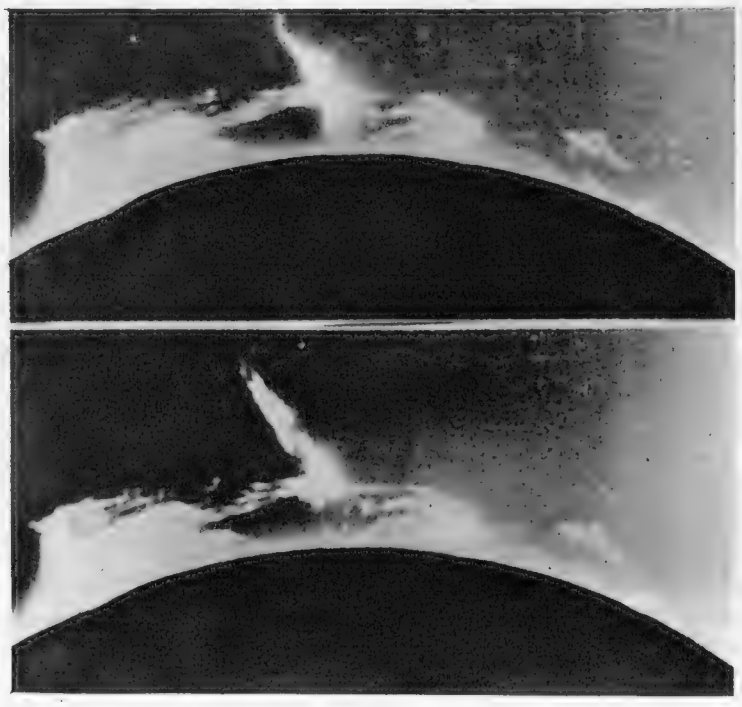
SEARCHING THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE : *Left*—The Ionospheric rocket assembled on a site in California in readiness for firing and (*right*) a chart showing the path taken by the rocket as it speeds into the stratosphere and eventually into the ionosphere, gathering vital information for United States weather experts. After attaining a height of 68·7 miles, the rocket, which is an adaptation of the German V-2, begins its descent, and it eventually reaches the ground by means of a parachute



THE PATH OF THE IONOSPHERIC ROCKET : A picture taken at night as the missile sped upwards at such a velocity that it made one continuous line upon the camera-plate. This particular rocket is largely experimental, but future models will be employed by the United States Army to aid in accurate and continuous weather recording



THE NUMSKULL FROG MAKES ITS BOW AT REGENT'S PARK : The remarkable new arrival from East Africa contrasted with a common toad at the London Zoo. When frightened or angry the Numskull can puff itself out like a balloon, and it is seen in this picture blown to its largest proportions. The Numskull weighs ¾ lb. and is fully 6 ins. long. It was found in an East African swamp and sent to England by Mr. C. S. Webb. The frog, which needs a damp humid atmosphere, has been put by itself in a high-temperature exhibition den furnished with ferns, creepers, a rockery and a pool, and an abundance of small pebbles into which it likes to dig itself. Normally silent, it calls vigorously after dusk, emitting cries resembling those of a human baby



On left—

SEEN THROUGH THE CORONAGRAPH : These two remarkable pictures of the sun were made by Dr. Walter Orr Roberts from the Harvard College Observatory at Climax, Colorado. Dr. Roberts studies the sun with the aid of a coronagraph, an instrument that imitates an eclipse and thus makes the sun's edge visible to the camera. By using and studying coronagraphic records, it is possible to estimate the extent of current disturbances and gauge their effect on radio reception. In the two pictures solar prominences can be seen, scarlet-hued clouds of gas rising from the surface of the sun to a height of 100,000 miles and more

The COMIC BULLFIGHTERS of MEXICO CITY

Cantinflas, Idol of the Bull-ring, and His Knockabout Collaborators

THIS IS CANTINFLAS: His real name is Mario Moreno, and he is the best-known film comedian in modern Mexico; but on the occasion depicted here he was leading his fellow-comedians in a comic bull-fight staged in Mexico City in aid of charity. Cantinflas gave the crowd a rare show, and with his exaggerated prancing in front of a diminutive bull, he scored the greatest hit of his career. Now Cantinflas has gone back to his film-making, but it will be a long time before Mexico City forgets this comic interlude

PARADE OF THE PICADORS: Jorge Negrete, a popular Mexican film-star, leading the bull-fighters into the ring before the comic bull-fight in Mexico City. All those who took part were either stage or screen artists

THE HIGH-LIGHT OF THE SHOW: The big moment in the comic bull-fight staged in aid of charity in Mexico City. Cantinflas, the comedian turned matador, and the diminutive bull lie down side by side, utterly exhausted by their strenuous efforts

CANTINFLAS MAKES HIS BOW: Mario Moreno, the Mexican comedian, heading the matadors in their march across the bull-ring before the start of the comic bull-fight

Mexico City takes its bull-fighting seriously, and most of the great idols of the Spanish arena appear there during the season; but recently Mexico City had a day off from the real thing, thronging to the bull-ring to see their favourite screen idols take part in a comic bull-fight given in aid of charity. They enjoyed a comedy that surpassed all expectations.

Strutting and prancing across the arena in mocking imitation of the famous matadors of the day was Mexico's favourite comedian Mario Moreno, nicknamed Cantinflas, and parading with him were stars of the stage and screen who, during the afternoon, combined to fight six very young bulls, all picked for their harmlessness and their diminutive stature. It was an afternoon of uproarious laughter, and the antics of Cantinflas will not be forgotten in Mexico City for many a long day.

Cantinflas delighted the crowd by showing a deep knowledge of the finer points of bull-fighting, thus giving his struttings an added significance, and he succeeded in making his little bull follow the muleta wherever he placed it. In fact, the bull circled Cantinflas so many times that it became giddy and sank to the ground, whereat Cantinflas stretched himself out on the arena and, to the crowd's delight, lay there facing his exhausted adversary. When the bull had recovered, Cantinflas signalled the band to strike up a lively rumba, encouraging the animal to prance in time to the music.

Cantinflas, who usually specialises on the screen in the portrayal of downtrodden characters, always wears round his neck a strip of ragged material which represents his coat, and when it falls off he puts it on as if he were donning a winter overcoat. The comedian is one of the wealthiest men in Mexico, and runs his own film company.

THE FAT MATADOR BATTLES WITH THE LITTLE BULL: Soto, a fellow-comedian of Cantinflas and a master of mimicry, in action in the Mexico City bull-ring

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

PRINCE OF SPENDTHRIFTS (5).—By 1835, George Payne had run through the best part of his splendid patrimony and was already playing ducks and drakes with a family inheritance which had fallen in at a critical time.

All his life George had hunted with the Pytchley and was now a regular follower under Osbaldeston's great Mastership. One way and another, it was possible to get in six days a week from Sulby with crack packs, and that programme left no time for playing at company. His nearest neighbours were his most constant companions, and these, of course, were men. In those days women in the hunting-field were rarities; old Lady Salisbury was a legend in Hertfordshire; in the Shires only one or two women held their own, notably Nelly Holmes, afterwards Lady Rivers, who for a time was the solitary Diana of the Shires.

George had his close friend, Hungerford, at Dingley, a bachelor establishment run on Sulby lines, open house and full stables, everything informal and everything of the best. Another neighbour was Wilson at Gumley, and there was a changing population of foxhunters at other famous seats in the vicinity. There were the cavalry men from Northampton or Leamington, the hunting parsons, Vivian and John Whalley, and blind Ambrose Isted of Ecton; Bouverie from Delapré and the hard-riding Ishams from Lamport, baronet and parson; and, of course, on certain days the Melton crush of thrusters, Lords Forester, Rokeby, Wilton, Gardner, Kinnaird; Massey Stanley, Rowland Errington, Frederick Johnstone, Lyne Stephens, Sir John Kaye, and the Russians, Matuscewitz, and others.

Among all these nonpareils, George Payne more than held his own. He was a bold, thrusting rider, without hands or seat (according to "Squire" Wilson), and rode with a slack rein, but he always meant business.

He was knowing, too, and knowledgeable; he had begun his experience as Master of a pack of harriers (which were not denied a fox if it came their way). Perfectly natural in every kind of company, he was quite irresistible by his address, his humour, his manners and his force of character, so that he was already marked out as a desirable successor to Osbaldeston, who was now beginning to think of giving up hunting to devote the rest of his resources entirely to racing. The "Squire" himself, who lived first at Pitsford Hall, four miles from Northampton, and during the last year of his Mastership at Brixworth, where the kennels were situated, was constantly at Sulby when he engaged Payne in an all-night sessions at billiards. If the Quornites were more famous and the Quorn commonly regarded as the crack pack, the Pytchley country in those days was considered as the best in England both to ride over and to break hounds in. There were two kennels, at Brixworth and at Brigstock, near Kettering. Hounds came to Brixworth for November 1 and remained there to hunt the open until April 1, when they transferred to Brigstock to hunt the woodlands until May 1 and to remain until after next season's cubbing—which began in August. So that hounds could work for nine months of the year, and by the time their novitiate was over, they had learned to resist the lure of "riot" in every form, from hares to the deer of Rockingham Forest.

It was the custom of the inveterates to migrate in April to the White Hart at Kettering to finish the season in the woodlands, and there forgathered Osbaldeston, while he remained a fox-hunter, George Payne (with his cook and his claret), and his brother Billy, Rowland Errington, Duke of Beaufort, Chesterfield, Wilson, and one or two more.

Osbaldeston definitely gave up hunting to devote what was left of his fortune and energy to racing after the season of '33, and his place was filled in '34 by Peter Wilkins.

It was a stop-gap appointment, for Wilkins was not a man for the Shires, and any successor to Osbaldeston must have appeared an unsubstantial shadow. Wilkins afforded poor sport, and his candle snuffed out in a single season, and George Payne, with universal acclamation, succeeded him in '35. He was immensely popular, adored by the farmers, looked up to by the thrusters, the *fidus Achates*, and natural successor of the "Squire."

His brother-in-law, Frank Holyoake, now Goodericke, left the Quorn country and moved his belongings over to Sulby and contributed a handsome sum, £1,000 a year or more, to the expenses of the hunt; and all the neighbourhood increased subscriptions. George gave them a great return on their money. He did things sumptuously, went far and large for his fifty couple of working hounds, buying the Berkeley and Belvoir strain from Wilkins' pack and getting back several of Osbaldeston's (for Osbaldeston had parted with his hounds to Mr. Combe); chose the best available hunt servants and mounted them splendidly, drew the cracks from their own country and kept his field in drill order.

His science was universally praised. If he knew little about racing, he came to know a great deal about hunting hounds, his chief peculiarity being a fondness for "lifting his hounds, which he did with great rapidity."

NINETY-EIGHT NOT OUT: Britain's oldest Test cricketer, the Mackinnon of Mackinnon, with the cricket-bat presented to him at a recent gathering of fellow-clansmen held in Glasgow to mark his ninety-eighth birthday. The Mackinnon won his Blue at Cambridge in 1870 and, eight years later, in one of the Test matches of 1878, he was third victim in "Demon" Spofforth's celebrated hat-trick

He was now at the high-water-mark of his career; Sulby was heavily mortgaged and George was well advanced in the dissipation of his second fortune.

How the money went would remain a mystery if there were any limit to the folly and frailty of spendthrifts. It is worth recalling again that George, on attaining his majority, came into a rent-roll of £17,000 a year from landed property and to a sum in cash and securities estimated at £300,000.

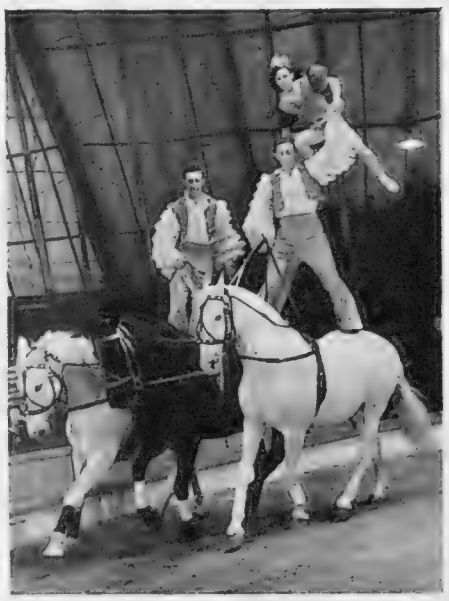
The "purchasing power" of £300,000 in 1820-40 would to-day be reckoned limitless.

Sulby was, of course, kept up to the nines; the waste inside and outside was shameless; George was cheated by every servant and by half his acquaintance and dependants. But a man can burn money on house-keeping or hound-keeping without making much impression on a fortune such as his, recruited as it was by subsequent useful legacies. It was not his extravagance at Sulby or on the hounds which ate up his inheritance; it was utterly reckless gambling, non-stop, day and night, which lent wings to his patrimony. "A thousand pounds on the rub" was always to George the equivalent of the common or garden gambler's "fiver." To George a "fiver" was a florin or mere loose change.

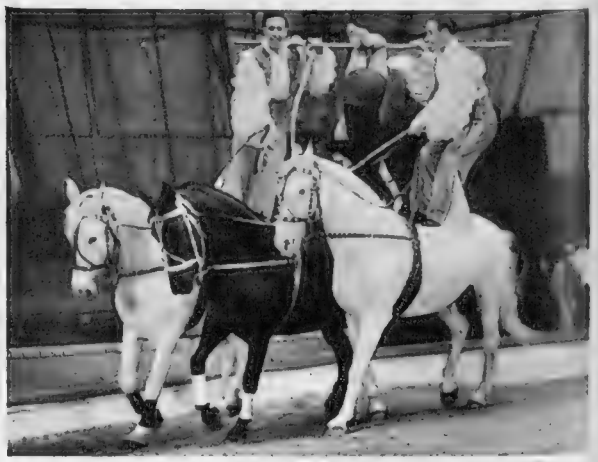
OPERA AND THE BALLET: Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

SIR JOHN IN LOVE (Sadler's Wells).—The first post-war season of grand opera at Covent Garden shows, as I write, no sign of becoming an accomplished fact, though no doubt we shall hear something of the sort there before the summer is over. But opera continues at Sadler's Wells, except on Monday nights, when the "second string" ballet (and a very nice piece of string, too) are to be seen. There is even a new opera—Vaughan Williams's *Sir John in Love*. This was, in fact, composed seventeen years ago, but had never before been performed in public. Why, it is difficult to say, for it is a masterpiece, or something very near it. *Sir John in Love* is extremely fine music, without academicism obtruding and with many moments of very great beauty. Also, as befits an opera founded on the adventures of Falstaff, much of it is rather fun, with a healthy robustness about it. We must hear this at Covent Garden one day. Mr. Roderick Jones, in the name-part, sang and acted well and looked sufficiently Falstaffian, though he was somewhat overshadowed by the superb performance of Mr. Howell Glynne as Ford. But no weak spots anywhere and a splendid effort generally.

Adam Zero (Covent Garden).—Possibly a new ballet *should* be very new. Certainly no ballet on lines such as this has been seen before, and I doubt whether it is really feasible to balletify the story of the life and death of man, with philosophical and other somewhat abstruse touches galore. Would *Adam Zero* have meant anything, so far as its story is concerned, to any member of the audience without that synopsis in the programme? None the less, I enjoyed it considerably, without worrying much about its meaning. Real pleasure is afforded by Mr. Arthur Bliss's fine music, by the genius of Mr. Robert Helpmann as both choreographer and dancer (he is also a most accomplished actor), by the grace of Miss June Brae, and by Mr. Roger Furse's decor, which seemed just right.



THE BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS IS BACK ON THE ROAD AGAIN AFTER SIX YEARS: Three pictures taken at Windsor, where the celebrated circus has been reassembled and has held its first performances since May 1940. During this interval ponies, horses and even elephants have been engaged on the land, and the clowns have been on war work. *On the left* is Delroy's "Cinderella Coach," and *above* and *on right* the Cumberlands are seen in their trick-riding act. The circus is now touring the provinces



THE BRIDE ARRIVES AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE: Film-star Jean Kent, a radiant figure, with her lace head-dress and tulle veil, mobbed by admirers at the church door before her marriage to Mr. Yusef Ramart, a London business man, whom she met first on location when her latest film, *Caravan*, was being made

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FILM-STAR

Jean Kent Marries Yusef Ramart: They Hold a Reception, and They Go to a Film Premiere

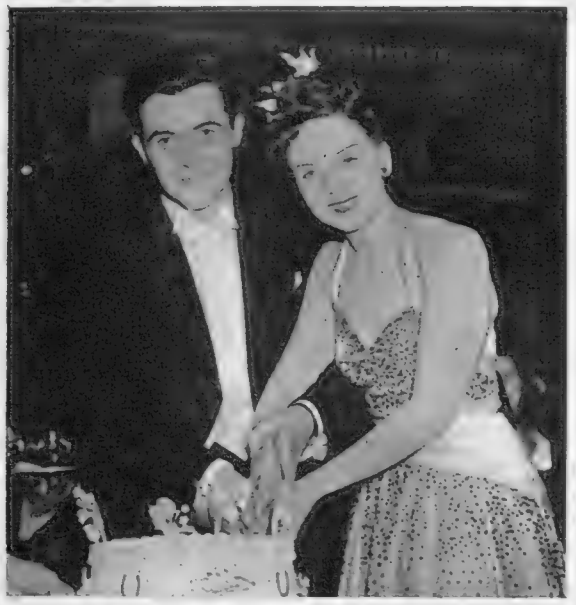
THE BRIDE IS MOBBED: Jean Kent watched by admiring crowds on arrival at St. George's, Hanover Square, for her marriage to Mr. Yusef Ramart. In the evening the bride and bridegroom went to see the first presentation of the film *Caravan*, in which Jean Kent stars with Stewart Granger

CARRIED ACROSS THE THRESHOLD OF THE HUNGARIA RESTAURANT: Mr. Yusef Ramart and his bride, Jean Kent, arrive for the reception following their marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square

CUTTING THE THREE-TIER CAKE: Jean Kent and Yusef Ramart at the reception following their marriage

In London last week Press photographers, policemen and public, with no wartime preoccupations, gave an aura of the old familiar publicity to the wedding of film-star Jean Kent and Yusef Ramart, whom Jean met when he was playing as an "extra." At the wedding the bride was duly mobbed before entering and after leaving the church, and later there was a reception at the Hungaria. In the evening the couple went to the pictures and saw Jean being married to Stewart Granger in the film *Caravan*. Then they had another reception and another cake

THEY GO TO A PREMIERE: Jean Kent and Yusef Ramart arriving at the Gaumont for the premiere of *Caravan*, the film in which Jean, the heroine, marries Stewart Granger



WHAT—MORE CAKE? Jean Kent and her husband cutting their second bridal cake, which was provided at the Gaumont Cinema after the premiere of the film in which the bride takes a leading part

RULES IN REPLICA: Mr. Tom Bell (second from left), the proprietor of Rules Restaurant in Maiden Lane, watching Herbert Wilcox directing Michael Wilde and Anna Neagle in a wedding celebration scene in the replica of Rules, which has been built at the Welwyn Studios for the film *Piccadilly Incident*. A most faithful reproduction of the restaurant has been made, conjuring up an Edwardian at mosphere of red plush and solid comfort

THEY PLAYED BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN: Members of the cast in the final scene of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which was recently presented at the Haymarket Theatre at a special performance in aid of King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses, Their Majesties attending with the Princesses. In the centre is Dame Edith Evans, in her famous hat, as Lady Bracknell, and on the right are John Gielgud (John Worthing) and Margaret Rawlings (Gwendolen). On the left is Maria Brietniva, who deputised, with much distinction, in her first London part for Glynnis Johns, who was ill

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A NEW ASPECT OF SHELLEY

Edmund Blunden Makes a Contribution to Our Knowledge of the Poet and Also Shows Harriet in a Happier Light

COULD there be a richer subject for biography than Shelley? More than 120 years after his death the circumstances of his life and work are still a matter of controversy, while the critics still swing between the "beautiful but ineffectual angel" gibe, and the apotheosis by William Michael Rossetti. Still flourishing vigorously to-day there are Shelleyans and anti-Shelleyans. Among the latter may be numbered most of the modern school, in whom it may be remarked that it is a saving grace that they bother to attack Shelley.

Mr. Edmund Blunden, whose SHELLEY (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is the work of a great scholar of the period, is himself a confessed Shelleyan. He calls this study "a life story," and points to the many persistent difficulties attendant upon its telling. "Sometimes information is superabundant, sometimes it is quite lacking, and very often it is unreliable." Certainly the range of it is like a dome of many-coloured glass ranging from the hyperbole of Trelawny to the preposterous *Ariel* of M. Maurois. Perhaps the latter would perforce be compelled to disagree with Mr. Blunden that "Hogg must be read with the proviso that he fancied himself as a novelist in the old school of comic extravagance."

Particularly pleasing, to one reader at least, is Mr. Blunden's treatment of Harriet. For her he confesses to "an intense admiration and a desire, which does not diminish our love of Shelley, to honour her memory." He states his belief that her descendants possess the evidences "which would even now illuminate this shadowed theme." Eliza, the elder sister, who lived to become a wealthy old lady in Somerset, obviously knew more than she felt inclined to tell. Beyond stating them, and allowing his convictions to colour his story, Mr. Blunden does not pursue these matters for, he says, "I did not set out to write a life of Harriet Shelley, but of an English poet."

Mr. Blunden also touches on the industry of forgers of documents marketed as Shelley's which "is about to reach its centenary." He states that a group of American investigators have been busy on this material and "will expose a much larger mischief done by the forgers to the poet's accepted biography than many of us suspected."

Here, then, is the life story of a poet written by a poet. As the publisher points out on the dust-jacket, Mr. Blunden does not assume his readers to be literary students, nor his subject to have been simply a literary figure. Shelley is perhaps one of the most complex characters in English literature. He was a considerable scholar, a passionate reformer and a great poet. That, in his own words, he "keep with phantoms an unprofitable strife" adds to the difficulties of any cool estimation of his fitful genius. Nevertheless, to continue in the mood of the same poem, there can be no doubt that he "beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

It is hard to imagine any author—certainly any authoress—writing with greater relish than Miss Daphne du Maurier, when she is dealing with the Cornwall that she loves and a period in English history that gives her, so to speak, historical licence. In THE KING'S GENERAL (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.), the period is the Civil War and that phase of it in which the fighting was sweeping across the Tamar towards a Cornwall that had considered itself remote from the battles although strongly engaged in partisan loyalties. The King's General in the West is one Sir Richard Grenvile to whom, some years before, Honor Harris had been betrothed. It is she who is, in spite of the book's title, the central and dominating figure in the story.

Although the sequence of events during the years that Miss du Maurier describes are, it would seem, well documented, it is not for her accuracy or for her feeling for the contemporary word and the contemporary scene that one applauds this writer: it is for the liveliness with which these things are conveyed and that special quality which is hers, of telling a story superlatively well. And that quality is something which need depend neither on characters nor on theme.

And talking of story-tellers, there is always (and I would like to think that there always would be) Mr. A. E. W. Mason, who has been doing this kind of thing for a score or two of years and whose technical perfection, while immensely practised, is always a fresh delight. Mr. Mason, for instance, in his new novel, THE HOUSE IN LORDSHIP LANE (Hodder and Stoughton. 9s. 6d.), has his plot moving briskly from the very first page with such a light touch yet with such mastery that the reader has no choice but to continue from page to page with increasing enjoyment.

For although this is primarily a story of murders and knavery, there is always humour in its telling, and our old friend the French detective Hanaud is at hand, with his "argotistical" English and his inimitable self-appreciation. I challenge any other detective of fiction to better M. Hanaud's statement that a lady of distinction is "out of the top of her drawers," or the even more surprising idiom on page 126. If you read this, it will be for your entertainment; if you don't read it, I can only conclude that it is because the book is already out of print!

BUILDING THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS: Most of the preliminary excavation work is now complete, and before long the actual work of construction will begin on the site of the Chamber destroyed by German bombing in 1941. The new House of Commons has been designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott and, while having much the same style as its predecessor, it will incorporate many up-to-date features. Particular attention is to be paid to ventilation and lighting

THE CORONATION CHAIR AND THE STONE OF SCONE HAVE NOW BEEN RESTORED TO THE CHAPEL OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR: The famous throne seen in position in Westminster Abbey, after being in a place of safety during the war years. The stone itself was buried near the Abbey, and the plan showing its exact whereabouts was sent to Mr. Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister of Canada, in 1940. The plan is now included in the Canadian Archives, and it is being preserved as an historic relic

Although one usually associates Miss Mary Ellen Chase's name with excellent novels about New England sea captains, her new book is as widely different as could well be, and a serious and scholarly contribution to the study of the Bible. In her Foreword to THE BIBLE AND THE COMMON READER (Collins. 10s. 6d.), Miss Chase, who is a professor at Smith College, writes: "I write it because for many years I have taken more delight in the Bible than in any other book I know and because I have become convinced that too few persons know how to read it. Like many another enthusiast for one thing or another, I want the fun of explaining that enthusiasm and, perchance, of inculcating it."

After four introductory chapters, "an indispensable preface to an understanding of those which follow," Miss Chase deals, book by book, with the Old Testament and the New, though leaving out such portions as now have little meaning save to the theologian. In this category are classed Leviticus, most of Deuteronomy, the Chronicles, practically all of Ezekiel, and many of the minor prophets.

Miss Chase writes of the story-tellers of the Bible, and of its poetry, about which she makes these comparisons: that Amos is like Milton in his sonorous, ringing lines; that Hosea sounds the sad and minor notes of A. E. Housman; that Second Isaiah is like Shelley in his ecstasy, and that certain of the Psalmists are like William Blake, or Thomas Traherne, or John Donne. She writes of the Bible's great biographers and of its letter writers—Saint Paul a more vivid one than even Horace Walpole or Lord Chesterfield—and she writes of its two great philosophers, the unknown authors of the Books of Ecclesiastes and of Job.

"What," says the city dweller, "do you find to do all day on a farm? I know you grow things, and so on, but every day, year in year out, you are all pottering about the fields. You look busy, but what on earth are you doing?"

"Well," is the reply, "that is a long story. There are thousands of farms, and life on each is a little different."

A PULLET ON THE MIDDEN (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is a story of the farm on which Miss Rachel Knappett has been working, of the things that happen and the people that work there. "Sometimes," she writes, "the men call me the 'poot,' which means a pullet. As I see the new season's flock of pullets scratching and bustling on the midden, discovering a new world full of new excitements, I think perhaps the men have found a suitable name for me."

But not even "the poot" is an adequate description of anyone who can write with the natural force and wit of Miss Knappett, whose observation may not be trained (in that familiar wartime phrase), but is acute, fresh and expressed with a spontaneous humour. Because of this it is possible for her to devote forty-eight pages to the subject of potatoes, from seeding to riddling, without writing a dull word, and to sum up her experiences with a mob of bullocks by writing that "mostly they were quiet and docile and some of them extremely sentimental."

Mr. Godfrey Craven is responsible for a short but practically planned book which should be helpful to manufacturers and exporters of textiles in this country, since it is a survey of the world market in which they may do their trading. THE TEXTILE EXPORTER'S GUIDE TO WORLD MARKETS (6s.) deals with selling methods and the problem of exporting to a changed world, but its principal section consists of a tabulation of market research under the headings of each of the principal countries.

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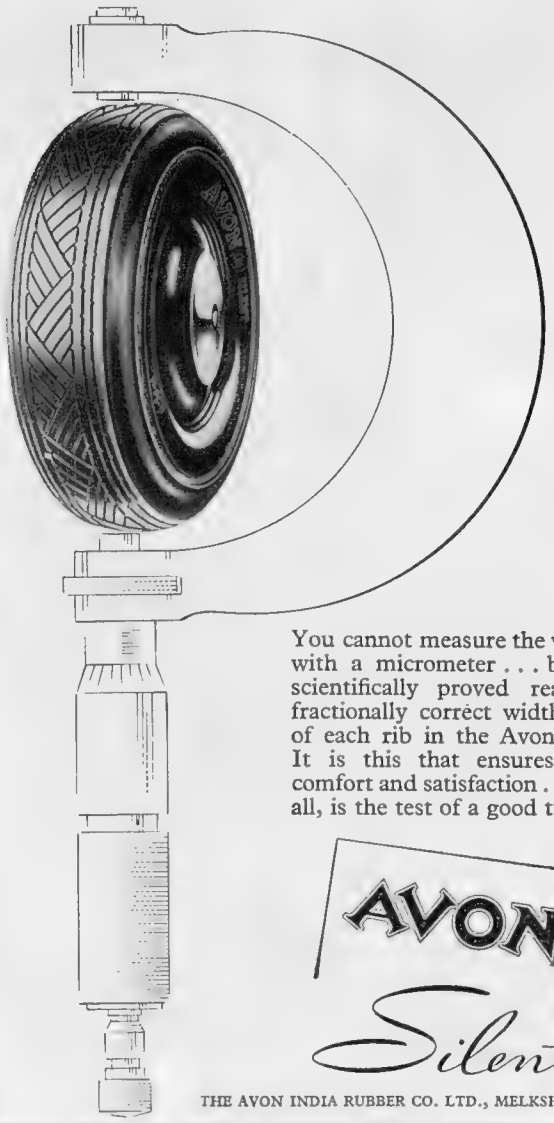

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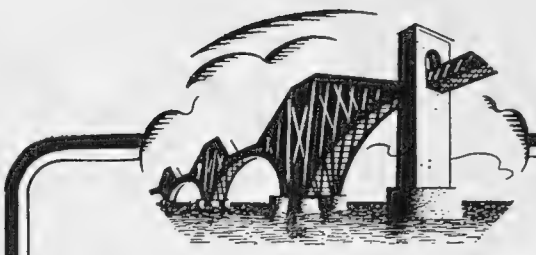

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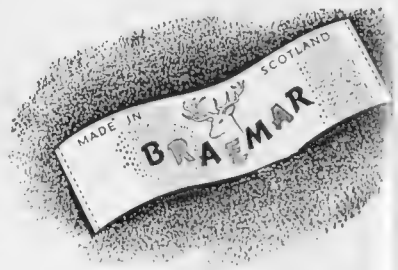

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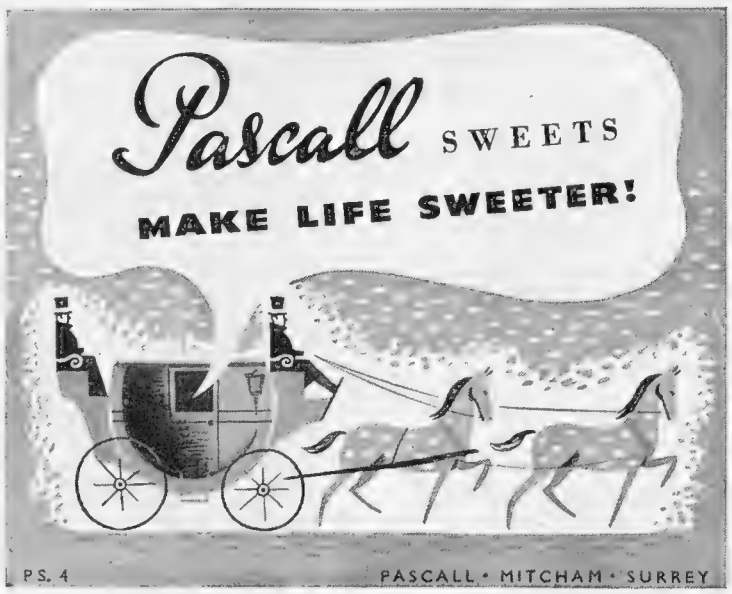

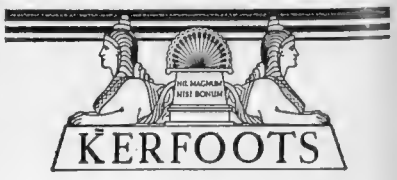

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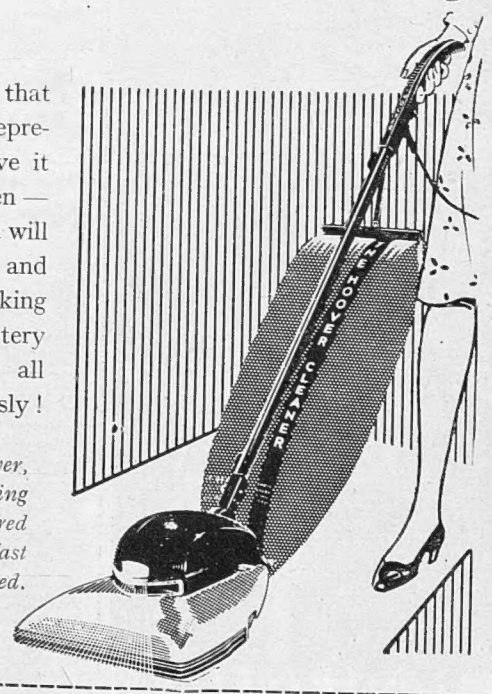

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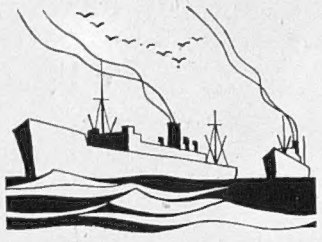
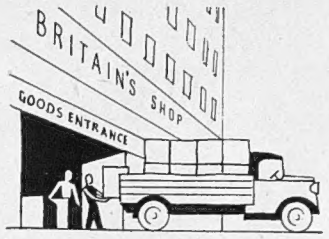
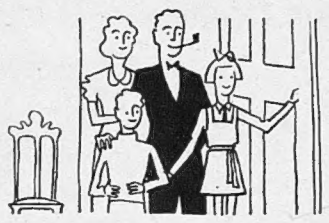


1 To build our prosperity we require many raw materials from abroad. To pay for these we must send British goods overseas. Then, with the materials our ships bring home, we can speed British Industry.



2 We want goods in plenty—for ourselves as well as our export customers. But, exports come first. Otherwise we shall not get the imports which our industries *must* have to get going full speed ahead.

3 Our export trade suffered much during the war. *Today we must go all out to expand it.* The less we, ourselves, buy at home . . . the more we sell abroad . . . the sooner shall we have lasting prosperity.



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4 Let's back Britain's prosperity drive! Let's spend as little as we can . . . Save as much as we can. We'll be doing ourselves a good turn . . . helping Britain's exports to bring us home prosperity.

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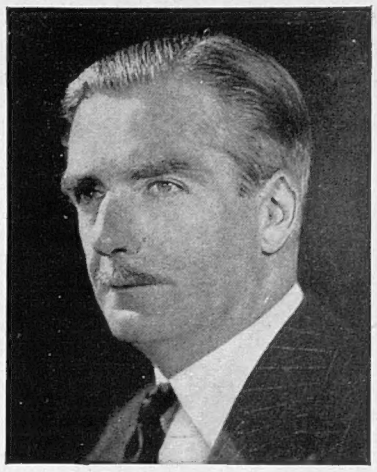

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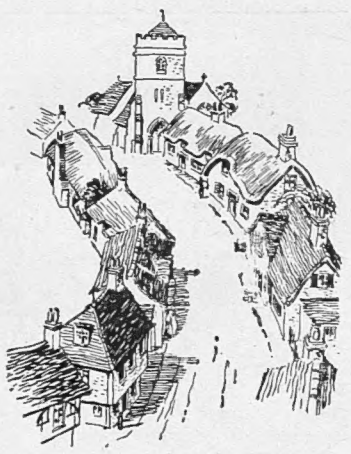

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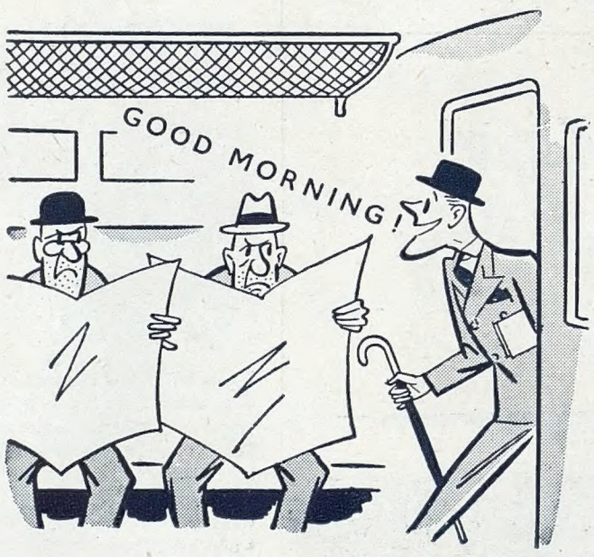

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